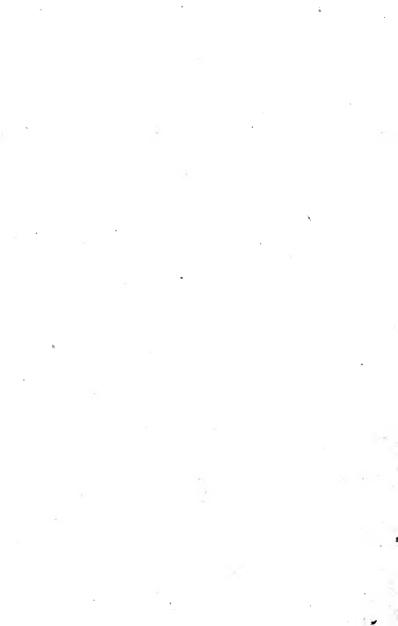


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AIRDRIE:
PRINTED BY BAIRD & HAMILTON.

WALLACE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN THOM.

 $\begin{array}{c} G \ L \ A \ S \ G \ O \ W : \\ JOHN \ S. \ MARR \ \& \ SONS, \ BUCHANAN \ STREET. \end{array}$

A I R D R I E:
BAIRD & HAMILTON, "ADVERTISER" OFFICE.

1873.

LOAN STACK

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PREFACE.

MAIN

The most tacitum is constrained now and then to say a word touching the internal and external matters of life, and the audience usually listens with deference to his opinion, probably because it is rarely offered and is seldom intrusive. Rhymers, however, being ready with an opinion on most subjects, have their motives scrutinised and their right to speak questioned when one of their number comes with a deliberate quantum of his stock-in-trade, and an explanation or introduction is considered necessary. If this is exacted in the present instance, the author has perhaps nothing of immediate importance to add to the evidence afforded by the work itself, which will show that at various times he has thought upon various subjects-to what purpose need not be discussed here. As he has been constrained to form certain thoughts on what he has deemed worthy to occupy his mind for the time, and as he has ventured to offer them where perhaps he should be best known, and possibly best understood, he must take in exchange whatever comes by the way to those who advance gratuitous advice and volunteer information where it may not be wanted. Without ceremony, therefore, he invites all who are willing to pass through the collection; and as he has endeavoured to write honestly, he trusts none will leave the last page the worse for the intercourse.

WOLVERHAMPTON, December, 1873.

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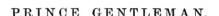
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WALLACE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



PRINCE GENTLEMAN, stawed o' the drinks o' the South, Had come North for the while jist to slocken his drouth; O' our swipes, and our bleeries, and auld barley bree, He had lang heard the praises, and noo he maun pree.

Mair deeply than wisely he joined the carouse, Though nae shakes o' a name could Prince Gentleman lose, Till he swore (which Prince Gentleman did like a priest) He wad sune be a Scot by the whisky at least.

Weel a' sides o' Scotch questions he ettled to touch, And he maistered the Doric aff-loof in his coach, Till sae cock o'er his pairts in a company braw, He wad challenge the proof in a sentence or twa.

Here a pawkie young duchess, ane Gordon by name, Fu' o' auld raucle wit—kent abroad and at hame— Touched Prince Gentleman's glove wi' a laigh, catchin' boo, And said, "My cantie wee laddie, come pree my mou'." Ah, hoo muckle we preach and hoo little we ken, And hoo heigh we can flee without feather or pen! Ah, hoo lang is the raip and hoo shallow the well! Truth will tak' her ain time sic like secrets to tell.

Mair puzzled than pleased glanced Prince Gentleman roun', And he felt in a snare frae the tae to the croon; And the laugh waukened up as the duchess stood true, Till her "cantie wee laddie wad come pree her mou'."

The teeth o' King Dauvit wad ha'e watered, I ween, For a taste o' the lips o' the mettlesome quean; And Prince Gentleman winced, when the laugh rose anew, As the duchess declared he wad ne'er pree her mou'.

THE CRAP FOR A' CORN.

I AM jist the crap for a' corn,
Nor better name ye'll gi'e,
Though wi' a king I'm aften borne
Through honoured companie.
Since man and woman first began
To grab, and cheat, and lee,
I'm sure I've had the world through haun',
Though far frae filled I be.

A mag or mite I never scorn—
There's nought owre mean for me;
And when I toom Contentment's horn,
Horn back ye'll never see.

For life's last shift I play wi' want,
And nab the stakes wi' glee;
To generosity I cant,
Doun tae the last bawbee.

Shame tak' the loon wha boos tae shame!
We always disagree;
And pride may come or gang the same
To profit purposely.
Nought comes amiss by richt or wrang,
By kindness or by scorn;
I speer nae questions gif it gang
Tae swell my crap o' corn.

SONG.

AE Simmer nicht, when gloamin' licht
Was gently shadin' a',
I wandered doon by Burniebrae,
To wile the time awa'.

I sat me doun upon the crounO' you hie bink that towersAboon the place whaur Nature's hidTwa cosy watery bowers.

I had nae thought that ane I sought
In ties unseen to bind—
Those ties Truth hallows to forecast
Heaven's beauties to the mind—

Was me near by; and lovingly
I gazed her graces on.
Her truth-lit face and snawy broo
O' beauty seemed the throne;

Yes; Maggie's e'e noo glanced on me As by her side I stood, And watched upon her cheeks the tints O' love's swift-passin' flood.

Ta'en by surprise, those soul-marked dyes
Methought her love betrayed,;
In ecstasy unto my heart
I pressed my guileless maid.

Love, scorning fear, into her ear Poured vows which ne'er shall tine; She further leant upon my breast, And saftly said, "I'm thine."

Who'll paint the joys which love employs When first the truth is broken? Nae sang nor praise may mark their ways Beyond the faintest token.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF "CHARLIE," A FAVOURITE LARK.

Nae strappin' verse will fit my theme—
Nae tidal words that are extreme;
But numbers saft that are supreme
In grief's deep hoards.
Come, mourn the wale, the chief, the cream
O' whistlin' birds.

Alas! he's ta'en his langest flicht, And left the dust he ance did licht; Nae mair he'll wauken up the nicht Wi' wayward note, Nor charm the day wi' music's micht

Frae gushin' throat.

Aft hae I wish'd some power wad gie The language o' his minstrelsy, For lays like his a word maun be Frae place unken'd. Yes; when he sang methocht his e'e Some end attain'd.

Tho' Winter made a stern resolve To mak' a' things thro' him revolve, Oor "Charlie" aft at ance did solve His fragile law: And aft in fancy did evolve A flower on snaw.

The callans wark aft-times wad lead Frae hame a fortnicht at a screed-Mayhap to Glasgow, famed for trade And mettle will; The first to welcome back in pride, Was "Charlie" shrill.

An e'e mair gleg ne'er watched a hoose, O' a' things kent, baith place and use, And ilka face wad introduce Wi' special wheeple— Whiles chirlin' saft, whiles crawin' crouse, In glorious treble.

Aft frae my memory he'll spring,
Wi' crested head and fluttering wing,
And in its lasting mirror fling
The shades o' time;
When mair than he did artless sing
In hopefu' prime.

His simple life brings back again,
Erects wi' circumstantial ken,
One hurried scene when joy was ta'en
Wi' cup in haun';
And, face to face, wi' death alane
Did stricken staun.

We'll turn that picture tae the wa'—
For only ance a-year we draw,
In reconciliation a',
Aside the veil,
And let ilk New'er's-day gently fa',
Wi' Andrew's tale.

I canna bid a' nature mourn,

For when sang opened he was torn

Frae her to cheer oor hame—forlorn

And silent noo!

But we need ask nae aid to learn

The feeling due.

If Willie Gordon's skill can 'reest Wi' a' taxidermy impress'd,
The failin' incident to beast,
And man as weel;
Oor "Charlie"—bodily at least,
Th' auld place will fill.

YE KEN WHAT.

What did Solomon mean but the subject had clean Passed ayont a' his wisdom and skill,

That nae sure thing wad pass 'twixt a lad and a lass,

Though he set out wi' purpose and will?

Noo, without a pretence to half Solomon's sense,

But by mindin' o' this thing and that,

To the right royal bards I wad add jist three words,

And the wherefore is—weel ye ken what.

Though a sensible man forms a sensible plan,
And rehearses it twenty times o'er—
Though he's gotten his pairt in a big earnest heart,
Which has never been dunted before,
If the tale be o' love, why, the actor will prove
In abundance o' strength quite tongue-ty't,
Till a hundred false starts and extempore blurts
Tell the lassie—aweel, ye ken what.

When the happiest wight in the realms o' delight
To the winds has delivered a' care,
And wi' jealous guidwill a' the future wad fill
Wi' the wale o' love's honeymoon fare—
When he airts to decree what the order shall be,
So that every sweet thing may come pat,
A' his wisdom and law, court a certain doonfa',
Till it's settled—aweel, ye ken what.

In the currents below there are powers come and go,
Maist potential for woe or for weal;
Though uncertain in name certain honours they claim,
And we a' at some time to them kneel.

But in life's earnest fact make aye true white or black— Let the colour be this or be that ;— In the tug and the thraw take a' doubts clean awa', So that nane may e'er hint—ye ken what.

SONG. FOR SHE KENT NAE O' MY COMIN'.

I whusselt o'er the weel-kent tune, I look'd, as looking was a sin, But out my lass I couldna' win.

For she kent nae o' my comin', And as I gaed, sae back I cam', For she kent nae o' my comin'.

I saw the fire's inconstant glower, But saw nae figure pass out owre, And could it else at sic' an hour,

When she kent nae o' my comin'? And as I gaed, sae back I cam', For she kent nae o' my comin'.

Yet Maggie heard the weel-kent tune, But bolted doors and powers within Obliged her heart tae beat alane.

> Since she kent nae o' my comin', And as I gaed, sae back I cam', For she kent nae o' my comin'.

Ten dark Scotch miles might mak' ane feart,
But lovers tak' them like a bird,
Sae I maun ta't though only cheer'd
By, she kent nae o' my comin',
For she kent nae o' my comin',
And as I gaed, sae back I cam,'
For she kent nae o' my comin'.

DON'T BE DOUN O' MOU', WIFE.

Don't be doun o' mou', wife,
Don't be doun o' mou',
There's muckle mair preventit, wife,
Than we ha'e warsled through;
Our links o' love ha'e oft been tried,
And ane asunder riven,
But weel we ken the broken pairts
Will join again in heaven.

Don't be doun o' mou', wife,
Don't be doun o' mou',
The tide o' joy's no turned, wife,
Frae either me or you.
Although some facts may cheat the wish,
Still hope great holes can mend;
And wi' true hearts we'll act our pairts,
To conquer in the end.

SPRING.

NAE mirky cluds bedim the sky,
Nae icy winds gang whistling by,
Nae burnies noo in bondage lie,
Smoor'd by the snaw;
For bonny Spring's come frae on high,
And freed them a'.

Whaur echoes haunted every blast,
And, weird-tongued, halloo'd o'er the waste,
Noo breezes saft skim gently past,
Convoyed by sang,
In varied choral models cast,
Rich, free, and strang.

The lav'rock, king o' a' the choir,
Springs up wi' his ecstatic lyre,
And seems as he wad never tire
The lift tae ring;
And louder sings while flutterin' higher,
Welcome tae Spring.

The robin's mornin' crumbs may wait
Till winter comes again this gate,
For the wee beggar's aff tae mate
In some deep wud,
And disnae care wha pays the debt
For winter's food.

The tity wrens amang the rest,
Begin tae build their foggy nest,
Nae pinchin' cauld locks up the breast,
But, proud and free,
They wheeple oot their very best,
And mount maist hie.

The blackbird, wi' his mellow horn,

Peals thro' the dale the march o' morn;

The mavis, sweeter neibor, born

In varying mood,

Sings, while the eve to nicht doth turn

In solitude.

The solitary cuckoo's brought
Again his solitary note,
An' blest is he wha plack has got
Aboot his duds,
When he first hears the soun' remote
Come frae the wuds.

'Tis said the year throughoot shall be Ane o' unmixed prosperity;
But should he no hae brown bawbee,
The luckless wight!
The time shall wi' misfortune dree,
And stomach licht.

When Nature's tackled tae her pairt,
She meets the point wi' high desert,
And noo, since Spring frae every airt
And every clime,
Unto her subjects has declar't
A festal time.

Wi' flower and leaf, wi' bough and blade, By matchless artistry display'd, Like new-made queen she stands array'd For greeting meet, And mirth and gladness thro' pervade Her regal seat.

Imprest on hill, and dale, and lea,
Her power is felt frae sea tae sea;
The quicken'd earth exultingly
Mak's haste tae bring
Her firstlings, as an offering free
Tae welcome Spring.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

Land life, my ain auld mither tongue!
Thou spunkiest wench that ever sung;
Whether tae cheer wi' tender lung
The woe begone;
Or, ettle on wi' thud and wung
The martial son.

By gentle thrum, or, be it best
By stormy string, thou wak'st each guest
That slumbers in emotion's breast,
Up at thy word;
In ony posture manifest,
Thine wi' regard.

O, mony a weighty lee thou's trippet,
And mony an able man thou's flippit,
And mony a spurious saunt thou's tappit,
My wordie, wha
Like thee when truth maun hae a rippit
Can kick the ba'.

Thou'rt jist to me the power o' yore,
If less in strength, in love the more.
Whase cunnin' haun doth ope the door
O' human heart,
And reign'st, the queen o' hamely lore,
In every pairt.

Through time thou hast nae passed unharm'd,
But time to stop thou's aften charmed;
And though thy outworks are deform'd,
Yea, hard tae tell,
Yet firmly built and still unstorm'd
Thy citadel.

By force o' time in future day,
The ancient fortress may decay;
But mony a beauteous arch and stay,
And virgin stone,
Into a living building may
Pass, as 'twere one.

And, though this be, 'tis but to die
The death to immortality;
And though nae academic sky
Maks classic quite,
Transfigured in the heart thou'lt lie,
A thing o' light.

Too precious are thy works to go
In the first death, which threatens now;
Be what it may, the world doth know
The sterling thing;
And let refiners abler grow,
Mair true thou'lt ring.

Lang life, nurse o' my early thought,
Wha tentily did airt it straight;
I aiblins noo forbode a fate
That winna happen;
But dootless thou my death will see't,
Alive and loupin'.

Yet things o' worth but serve their day,
And types and anti-types decay,
Or deftly change insensibly
To something newer;
Sae doutless thou wilt pass away,
But still endure.

Things auld and new are yet in store
To change and elevate the more,
And thou hast lent nae triflin' power
To raise truth's beil',
Hence thou shalt be remembered whaur
Men upward speel.

BOYHOOD.

O Guilleless Time! I often wish
That I were moving in thee still;
And oft it cheers me to recall
That tender touch of Heaven's will.

Though disappointment often checked An ardent wish for some vain toy, Care, even with a modest hand, Ne'er traced a line upon the boy.

Himself as fleeting as his life,
Each thing enjoying—all was joy;
Come summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Each had its pleasures for the boy.

He never thought those things would fade,
Nor time could with his pleasures cloy;
He never bade those things to stay—
For all was bright before the boy.

Like unto sunbeams, they are gone;
But, with a hand that Nature gave,
They left their image on the glass
Of memory, to soothe and save.

ODE TO BURNIEBRAE.

LIKE a heart that is glad when dark visions are over,
When misgiving fancies have fleeted away,
The sun, re-enfranchised, courted earth as a lover,
Restoring again to us gladness and day.
Far away to the east the spent storm-clouds were sweeping,
And nature rejoiced in her fullness again;

Whilst her songsters commingled, fresh holiday keeping For freedom regained, in high jubilant strain.

In the sun every leaf seemed with diamonds bestudded, Every flower, re-enamelled, in kind seemed more fair;

Every bee sallied forth to the banquet provided,

On diligent wing, to take home his sweet share.

Thus by all invited, to my young haunt I wended

My lingering footsteps—for gems strewed the way— $\,$

By the big and the wee glen, by the burnie that lended Its voice to the music that filled Burniebrae.

Though years full of change had passed by since I sported With light-hearted playmates those beauties among,

My memory keen every object consorted

With deeds of high prowess unsaid and unsung.

Each scene wandered past with old memories teeming,

I saw each, as it were, like stars in the sky,

They seemed near, yet away, and their little lights gleaming Betimes made me glad and betimes made me sigh.

In life's fitful battle new strength I have gathered In brief retrospect of our innocent youth,

When our trust in the present no care ever withered,

And the boy learned the lessons of freedom and truth,

Though long from thy glens and thy braes I've been parted,
Yet thy name from my memory ne'er passed away;

And oft when despair would have come broken-hearted,
It nerved me to muse upon thee, Burniebrae.

In Spring thy new garland surpassed all in glory;

In Summer thy vesture shone bright as the day;

And Autumn became thee, with his locks turning hoary; Even Winter did clasp and shield thee from decay.

Sweet nurse of my young limbs, may thy beauties ne'er wither; May each passing moment new springs on thee lay;

And all glories and beauties on earth join together

To weave a diadem for thee, Burniebrae.

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS.

What hour gives worth with genius birth
Becomes a deathless date,
To us an age, a privilege,
The hundredth duplicate;
Ours then the pleasure and the gain
To enter on the wide domain
Of noble work which one,
The master spirit of this day,
Rais'd up to honour, where it lay
Derided, or urknown.

With pride then, well tried then, Auld Scotland fondly turns To meet thee, and great thee, The natal morn of Burns.

What then the work for which we claim
One day of thought and glee?
Why bid high Honour take to Fame
Her choicest poesy?
If it were granted, thou couldst look
Down in the heart, as in a book,
In Scotland's thou wouldst see
A thousand monuments, nor one
That doth the touch of manhood shun,
Or woman's purity.

Created and seated
On progress and emprise,
All lightened and brightened
By Burns's melodies.

But turn we to those "records dear,"
When passion's pulse beat high,
When rose his love, a star above,
For ever in the sky.
Nor yet more sacred were this scene
Though Truth's clear river run between,
The lovers' mutual flame,
The humblest love hence takes a place
Which seraph-witnesses may grace
Without or taint or blame—
Secure here, and pure here,
The front and form of youth;
Imprest here, and cast here
In beauty and in truth.

Another scene of greater worth
Historians may not match,
Though gifted men of mind and pen
The people's manners catch.
Would'st thou broad Scotland's forces know?
Here one is photographed to show
Their character and fire.
Can loftiest scene teach more than this
Of present and eternal bliss?
Man, patriot, priest, and sire.
Concentre and enter
The lowly cottar's home;
Thus warded and guarded,
Decay shall never come.

But not one scene of common life

He passed with careless view;

Our "toils obscure" touch'd by his power,

New forms of manhood grew.

Where poortith struggled to be free,
An equal, though superior, he,
A liberator, stood.
A teacher, he by rights well earned,
Brave millions have his lessons learned.
With new-born rectitude.
Upraising and praising,
Rude life he beautified,
Pourtrayed it, and made it

Yield honesty and pride.

The Bible of humanity,

His "Man was made to mourn,"

Experience, wisdom, truth might say

From suffering millions torn,

The freeman's charter stands decreed

In thought, reward, in hope and deed—

In "Man's a man for a'."

While patriotic hearts dilate

As face to face with death and fate

In fancy yet we draw,

Ecstatic, emphatic,

The sword to "do or die,"

As finely, divinely,

His "Scots wha ha'e" peals high.

Through generations hence thy race
Thou'lt run again o' Tam,
And take first undisputed place
'Mong heroes of the "dram."
Though Superstition shall be dumb
In the great changes yet to come,
Thou'lt Scotland's witches save,

In mimic revelry to meet,
While all sage dames, with counsels sweet,
An exponent shall have;
And swiftly and deftly
Here pleasure's form we see
Depicted, dissected,
With fervid mastery.

Preserve the scene, although of those
Who follow nameless trades;
For philosophic hands expose
The temper of the blades,
And "waverin' like the baukie bird"
A greater genius is declared
For him than was imparted;
Old Wisdom is a fool by rote,
And wisdom only is begot
Through something broken-hearted.
We'll set, then, we'll let, then,
Shrewd, Poosie Nansie sell
Her tipenny or fipenny,
Or product of the still.

We often want, for quack and saint
The Pen to scourge and seer,
Which in the bowels of the Kirk
Raised an unholy fear.
Each burning line a landmark makes
For common sense, when roused, he takes
Truth's hand with pressure strong;
And Scotland proudly crowns her son
For every thankless action done
'Gainst error, cant, and wrong.

We'll lay then, well bye then,
His weapons clean and bright—
Preserve them and serve them
In many a future fight.

Ah, Love! thy devotees have been
Unnumbered as the stars—
The cause of many a wondrous scene,
Strange harmonies and jars!
Beneath thy wild, unfathomed rule
The wisest often play the fool,
Without the least assistance;
No potter ever tempered clay
Like thee; and thy deep witchery
Meets no inert resistance,
When singling and mingling
The elements of man,
To shake them and make them
The creatures of thy plan.

What have we to forgive in him,
Low in his narrow bed?

Shall we discard Love's chosen bard
Because his virtue fled,
And bury with him in the tomb
Those garlands of unfading bloom
His tender fancy wrought?

Methinks one faithful spirit even
Looks through the pearly gates of Heaven
Forbidding such a thought,
Who proved him and loved him
In many a trying lot—
Him yearned for, and mourned for
Long years when he was not.

Emotions which, unuttered long,
Pressed oft the heart's closed gate,
Enfranchised by this king of song,
Because articulate.

And Nature's hidden voices rise
In grand responsive harmonies,
Released and jubilant;
And dumb creation found a tongue
Unsealed the measure to prolong
Of Scotland eloquent.

Unstinted he sent it,
The harmony afar;
And jealously and zealously
We hold them as they are.

Come, Friendship, thou Great Heart of life,
A heavy debt is thine;
From greenest tree thy leaflets be
Our central knot to twine.
Though often erring in thy ways,
In manner's and in custom's maze,
Evangeliser still.
No bard like him e'er tuned thy chords,
Or gave more sympathethic words,

Thy ordinance to tell.

Discerned, adorned,

Thy homeliness and worth

Arrayed thee, conveyed thee

Through every clime of earth.

What have we to forget in him
Whose only shield is death?
Whose candour never stooped to trim
Detraction's withering breath?

"The quick to learn and wise to know"
Passed off in life's meridian glow—
The fiercer in such men.
But we may do the work his age
Had nobly done had he that stage
Made perfect in his ken.
And metely, completely,
The legacy doth read—
Committed, remitted,
Ere death the blow had sped.

Forgive, forget—strange words indeed;—
For, take him as he stands,
There's not a mind of human kind
A wider realm commands.
Though sifted to the inmost core,
Malignant, reverential lore
Alike his power decree;
In images of truth confest,
Man's traits indelibly impress'd,
Are Time's first prophecy,
That never, for ever,
While earth her cycle turns,
We part it, desert it,
The whole man Robert Burns.

Now Scotland leaves the plough and pen,
The hammer and the sword,
One day to tell and chronicle
The value of his word.
Historic forms of heroes good,
Who oft in perils bravely stood
For freedom, faith, or land,

Abreast of time in fancy here,
Bid welcome, as they own a peer
Is added to their band.
With pride, then, well tried, then,
Auld Scotland fondly turns
To meet thee and greet thee—
The natal morn of Burns.

A SERENADE.

My spirit faints, and to the night I come for air reviving,
For in her lofty halls I feel
No passion madly driving,
And every fire-gem set on high,
Seems chastening my idolatry.

Know'st thou, O Night! the treasure fair Thou hast within thy keeping? If she but looked upon thy face, Thou wouldst refrain from weeping; For Truth and Beauty in her meet, Made by Perfection's hand complete.

Bring from thy gardens and thy groves
Unstinted every blessing;
Muster thy soothing arts around
The couch my loved one's pressing.
And let each luxury of rest
Through peace and pleasure be addressed.

Outsentinel the spirit dark
Of dreams wild and alarming,
And move her form to joyous life,
When day his path is forming.
Her sleep within thy hand retain,
That she may bless thy bounteous reign.

Dear lovers' friend, farewell; mayhap,
Beneath thy sway invited,
A loving pair may converse seek,
And at thy shrine united,
Ask thee each cycle to repeat
A maiden, manly vow complete.

ODE TO LOVE.

A ray from thee
Is the gold of time;
Of joys a galaxy
In this unstable clime.

O, it would be To reside with thee The kiss of happiness, Ne'er ending as the skies.

Short is our hour Here, mysterious power; But thine shall live for aye, For thou dost heaven sway. To thee we pray, By no common desire; Before thee we bow, With our being entire.

O! for thy shrine, In purity to move; Immortality divine Draw us to thee in Love.

ODE TO POLAND.

Can Kosciusko's name inspire Thy heart again with martial fire, And kindle up thy slumb'ring ire, To bring thy tyrants low. Vienna's fight thy valour prov'd, 'Neath Warsaw's walls you stood unmov'd, And then, as now, you freedom lov'd-Rise! strike another blow! Poland, arise! succeed you must; Why thus allow thy arms to rust? Three despotisms, unto the dust, Beneath thy arm shall fall. Poland! thou art a living tomb! The hour is near—I see it loom; Ten thousand stars light up the gloom, And freedom circles all.

When Freedom's torch is waving high,
When "God for Poland" is the cry,
And every Pole has sworn to die,
His country to set free.
Then shall we hear a fun'ral knell,
Loud booming forth from Freedom's bell,
That downward every despot fell,
Where breathed Liberty.

HOUSEHOLD TIES.

No boyhood age is theirs, no mortal span Hath ever fixed the compass of their growth, None chronicled the date when they expired; Nay death is an auxiliary, the more To bare their scope and add to their domains,

'Tis most Misfortune which divides their sweets, And brings to light rare undetected traits. Which master while they sanctify man's will.

Though all the powers of darkness hold their court Within some wayward heart, long dispossessed Of Virtue, and her sister, Memory dear, Still subtily hid beyond the ken of sin, There lurks a remnant of those glorious ties Which, touch'd by some electric truth, leaps up, And every evil occupant expels.

As passing snow is man, but ye endure As deputies of Truth, as Prophets, Priests, And Kings, which follow'd lead to themes which grasp God's Fatherhood, and the whole wond'rous scheme, By which, immortal, in conditions, we Must actuate reform in self and kind Before the severance from Truth is healed, Ere recognised as Sons of God we stand In His eternal, unpolluted House.

O, holy ties—deep as the thoughts of Heaven, Ye parts of God in sinful man bloom on; Though some would taint ye, yet for ever fair, And ye unsullied aye, within all noble breasts, Shall to your source return.

ODE TO PLEASURE.

Spirit of a million faces,
Limit of perfection's graces,
Infinite cheater of our species,
Strange is thy mission;
Eluding when our chance increases
Of firm possession.

Thy lure repliest to man's desires,
Tamed or inflamed, as art requires,
Thou'rt but a mirror which inspires
His long'd-for joy;
But, touching thee, he wastes the fires
He would employ.

When thou invitest we quickly turn,
As if thy subjects we were born,
And though to-morrow's finger scorn
Our work to-day,
Still next to-morrow we'll be sworn
In fealty.

Thou keen reflection of a wish,
As evanescent as a blush,
Man foolishly for thee doth rush
O'er ruin's brink,
And in possessions' headlong dash
Doth beggar sink.

In many an aspect thou art seen,
A silken or a cotton queen,
A specious fable, which hath been
Some hope forlorn,
A truth in very form and mien,
But aye still-born.

One phase is a proscribed delight,
Wove with temptation, gem be-dight
Which hardly any sainted wight
Can fully scorn,
If every portion of our fight
Be fairly borne.

Youth buys thee while himself he sells
Unto the mistress of his spells;
He loves thy rule, though life rebels
Against thy sway,
And deadly menace urgent tells
To throw 't away.

But who believes not thy report, Nor hath familiar of some sort? Who takes no holiday to sport With keen desire, Anticipating, doubtless, for't, Thyself entire.

But let man mark thy virgin use
And slay the dictates which abuse;
Then none thy ways will more traduce
Or speak thee ill;
Nay; they will mourn and even loose
Thee with a will.

ODE TO THE SKYLARK,

Earth's sylvan dells and rocky fells
Seem places not for thee,
Thou king of all those little birds
That warble bonnilie.
Thou seem'st to know that none below
Can tune a lyre like thine,
And therefore soars in azure bowers,
Transcendently to shine.
A thousand throats pour forth their notes,
To make a valley ring;

But earth and skies, whene'er you rise, In fancy seem to sing.

Wild music's child, hours I've beguiled While listening to thy lay,

Which prompts within, the strong desire For better minstrelsy.

Voice of the Morn, traveller whose bourne Thou oft in fancy scans,

Say, shall there be no place for thee Past earth's progressive plans?

Life, meanest life, of painless strife, Which lives, and blooms, and dies;

Methinks it never can return

To utter nothingness.

Then more thy life of love and strife, Of motive and of power,

Which things can not be trifles for An economic hour.

Why bid goodbye, thou, aye to die, I, once, but to live more,

When thou more full of innocence, Though made a little lower?

Be as it may, life fellow-clay, I cannot see the why,

That only one of all God's works
Lives on immortally.

Why only one in Life's great plan Soars o'er the wreck of time,

When sequent breath and sequent death
Descend with equal claim?

When equal act, death doth exact,

God may the points prolong, For thou seem'st meet to bear a part

In Love's eternal song.

ODE TO POLAND.

God speed thee through thy path of blood, And every man in Europe aid, As once of old all Europe cried-"Now God for Poland war;" Then, thou, O! Poland, one and free, Strong as with fate and destiny, Broke with the hand of liberty The ruthless scimitar. Yes, records proud thou can'st repeat In victory and in defeat; Thy love and faith sublimely great, Nor weal nor woe could mar: Oft torn and crush'd, thy spirit still Arose as indestructible; And with a mission to fulfil. Not as a serf or slave. God aid thee now, the hour is on Which claims thy resurrection done, And by high heaven salvation won, Or ruin in thy grave. With anxious heart the world awaits. With every hope its breast dilates, And Sister Freedom palpitates, A cheer word audibly. Then haste, O! Poland, every day Counts centuries of destiny; Strike with thy whole soul's energy, And one and free you be.

OUR FIRST CROSS.

Time laid our sorrow gently past, As if its strength to prove; But memory holds the treasure fast. In wardship unto love. In the first agonies, we thought No other love and care Than ours could tend our little flower That bloom'd in promise fair. But haply o'er the shades of death Faith raised our hopeless eyes. And flowers of earth we saw enhanced As flowers of Paradise. Oft some memento breaks the calm Of resignation's reign, And human feelings re-assert Supremacy again. But Hope while counting every chord In Nature's purpose given, Shows 'tis an ordinance of love Which takes the pure to heaven. And even while the wayward heart Would ask life back again, Our own experience declares The wish as false as vain. And looking with affection's eye Adown life's varied road, We say, even as we loved her last, The happy are with God.

ODE TO AMERICA.

HAIL, Columbia! glory laden, Freest, bravest, sorrowing maiden; Through Affliction's blighting path, Over War and Ruin's wrath, Over Hate, and Shame, and Vice, Victress sanctified, arise!

Rise to the end thy sufferings, Woes, and unselfish offerings Forecast, as living prophecies; Rise in thy new born energies, Unshackled, faithful, wisest, free, In thy great one-ness ever be.

Let the high mandate rise sublimely O'er all thy triumphs, breaking timely— As the end thy patriots fought for, As the end thy martyrs sought for, That no man is less than brother Where thy love draws men together.

In thy cradle this hath slumbered, With thy jewels it was numbered; With thy strength it stronger grew; With thy power it rose to view; With thy worth 'twill always live, And eternal glory give. Hold on thy course, nor swerve, nor falter, Thy work approv'd, thou shalt not alter. Heiress of Truth, grand heritage, Truth's righteous battle strongly wage, And heaven itself will mould the plan—Redemption, freedom, love to man.

ODE TO HOPE.

Time is thy pleasure, Fate thy pain, Enthusiast of the soothing train Of graces which our hearts contain, There though neglected; Fair Poetess! sweet is thy reign Even wrong directed.

Happy the soul who hears thy tongue,
Nor deems enchantments may be wrong;
Who loves thy smiles, however long
Delayed her wishes,
Till thine is made a prophet-song
By Fortune's blisses.

Happy the soul who hears thy voice Aye whispering inclinations choice, While depute Fancy nimbly shows An easy path; But pity such if all should close In ruin's wrath. Blest is that soul when bitter blast
Hath laid her visions with the past,
And made her aim a doomed outcast—
A withered thought;
Who still doth say 'tis not the last
That may be sought.

Cheered is the soul who hears thee aye
Discoursing of some better day,
Which, full of no peculiar joy
Or thing supreme,
Still makes a rugged, tedious way
More easy seem.

Happy the soul in which thou art
A constant guest, a mystic heart
Connecting this decaying part
With endless life—
That life which sorrow doth desert,
And tears and strife.

With evil thoughts thou canst not dwell—
To sin thou never gav'st a smile;
Yet is thy strangest, noblest spell
Evoked to bring
A sinner from the porch of Hell
To Heaven's King.

When life is like a troubled sea—
The spring-tide of adversity;
When every wave's with peril high
And ruin deep,
We, in thy harbour safe, defy
Their threat'ning sweep.

From Heaven's bosom come thy rays—
Through veiled eternity they blaze;
Ah! what were we could aught erase
Thee from our heart?
And what were earth could aught repress
Thy healing art?

Above all thanks—thanks move thee not;—Above all complimental thought;
Above all slight: for though forgot
Thou com'st again;
Still Gratitude dictates unsought
Her urgent strain.

Thou hand that lightens half life's load!
Thou lamp of Heaven upon this road!
O guide us to thy pure abode,
Thy vestal seat—
Even unto the House of God,
Thy Author great.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

PENUMBRA of thy brighter lord,
Thy light strikes on a softening chord;
I feel thy pure untainted beams,
As clasping lovely things through dreams;
I love to see thy mellow light
Gilding the dusky brow of night;
I love to feel thy chastening power,

It makes this earth seem Nature's bower.

O, when this world once met its doom,
Did thy small ark shine through the gloom,
And lighten up the hecatomb?

Or when the olive branch of peace
Gave man a forecast of release,
Did'st thou, a prophetess, proclaim
That Order ruled o'er all the same?

I've often watch'd thee with delight,
Pale central glory of the night!
Thou seem'st a beacon hung on high—
A footstep to that grander sky,
Where seraphim sweet praises sing
In honour of our Saviour King.
Thou smilest at the fiercest storm;
And when 'tis past, thou rear'st thy form
Aye nobler, clearer than before,
Which shows us there are joys in store
After the rudest trial's o'er.

LINES ON A DAISY.

Thy presence tells when Spring's begun, Sweet embassage from genial sun; Thou paint'st and lacest all the lawn, Which seems as if with silver drawn; Thou spanglest rich the shady dell; Thou also deck'st the mountain fell; Thou viest in whiteness with the snow; Thy form is circled with a glow, Which matcheth with the blooming rose That health on maiden cheek bestows.

Sweet emblem of our own vain race, Whene'er thou show'st thy pretty face, It quick recalls life's varied spring, When all our hopes were on the wing, And seem'd at no time like to fade; But when we see thee, lowly laid, Thou tell'st us stern we too must die, And, peradventure, 'neath thee lie.

A WINTER NIGHT.

I LOVE to look around me when
The sun is gone, and night again
Bedecks with gems the barren ground,
And seems all Nature to surround
With endless charms none may behold
Except when Winter, stern and cold,
Assumes his firm, determined hold.
The Crescent herself seems to glean
A fairer light, a purer sheen;
And the deep vault of heaven defin'd
By fiery festoons entertwined;
While the gaunt streamers flash and fly,
Like spectral swords in upper sky.

The plains a fairest garment wear;
The trees all different foliage bear;
Sharp icicles instead of fruit,
Like crystal pillars downward shoot;
The stagnant pool a mirror seems,
And back reflects rich varied gleams;
The playful brook has ceased to croon,
And in her bosom sleeps the moon.
Now doth it seem as fairy band
Had garnish'd all with magic hand,
To cheer lone Night o'er wintry fields,
When Nature cold no homage yields,
And to surprise the Day, with care,
Hath built this tabernacle fair.

OUT IN THE COLD.

In the lights and the shades of the picture of life
There are scenes take a prominent place,
And though time may reverse old opinions, no time
Can those old recollections efface.
But if one reminiscence all others survives,
In defiance of changes untold,
All experience teaches, this must be the one—
That of being left out in the cold.
When the phantasies rais'd by ambition, allure
From the pursuit of L., S., and D.,
Then affection's transferred hold no honour can peer
With the national stamp of M.P.

The while promises rise in prophetic array, To your foot is the ball nicely rolled; And your heart proudly swells every challenge to meet— Till you pay when left out in the cold. When with Beauty enamour'd the wit oft is dull, And of troubles we never stand clear; But the senses supply every motive to work, And we awkwardly still persevere. But the height and the depth of the venture is hid, Till misfortune's last phases unfold; Then we estimate all in one hopeless account. When unkindly left out in the cold. But the winners are few in the battle of life. When the prizes are Beauty or Fame; And the number is scant who are pleased to accept With content every change in the game. Still in this or in that bring a clean heart to work With due courage, nor boastful, though bold; And no matter how fortune may shuffle the cards, You're respected—though out in the cold.

LOVE.

LIKE to the sun that ever burns,
And cannot hide his light,
Pure Love, by Truth made manifest,
Is bare before the sight.
Both lovers know it, but each heart
In doubt grows faint and cold,

While but one word would change reserve To ecstasy untold. One word would tell the life that lies Within each aching breast, And yet they dare not lisp its name, They dare not make the test; They dream themselves in future bliss, And let the present fade;— They form resolves, but when they meet They find them all betrayed. Thus when they see, why hesitate? Let man be manly still; But when Love enters in the breast, In pieces falls his will. The past is past—the present's thine, But it too soon will glide; Then, false heart, break through Fancy's fears, And take of love the bride.

THE EGOTIST'S HYMN.

Good morning, myself! all things change: even I In the bosom of night unto fashion doth die; But when noon-day resplendent sweeps over the earth, Like a Phœnix I rise in my dandified worth.

From the ashes of self; yea, my old skin and bone Develope fresh traits of imperial tone. Though the world lives fast, far ahead I have prest, And when tired I can wait till it comes up abreast.

Though jilted in love I've no faint heart to cry, For my ocean of self cannot possibly dry. When cast from my mark with a warning profound, I find strength again in the very rebound;

But the conquest of one is no measure for me, For the world comes first ere selection can be:— Alexander the Great was some five feet, no more, And shall I be too tall although five feet and four?

Ah, I know myself formed on an eminent plan— To give point unto fashion and finish to man; And though I've been beaten in many a race, They were only small trials of other men's pace.

My enemies now to their weapons may look, For I'm in for an empire, a crown, or a book; And the mystical problem falls pat to my share, While the circle of earth I reduce to my square.

Now, I'll finish my spoon or blow hard through my horn, And on laughter at least through Fame's temple be borne. If no niche may be mine unto all I'll lay claim, For all niches shall hold my pneumatical name.

Ah, I rise to the subject, for self never lags:
I'll be quoted by wit while humanity wags—
An immortal text-book for the trifles of time,
Till the joke of dear self shall o'ertop the sublime.

OUR SECOND CROSS.

Arise, my soul, Affection waits,
And Duty, sisters twain,
Who through thy night of sorrow deep
Did ministering vigils keep
Thy call to life again.

Thou shalt not love thy son the less—
Thy hopeful eldest born—
Ta'en on the threshold of this life,
When thou had'st braced him for the strife,
We all must meet in turn.

Because his prattling brothers come
To claim an instant part,
In every feeling lately stirr'd,
When every channel gate unbarr'd,
Relieved the swollen heart.

Rise, braver soul, a greater void
In daily life is thine;
But heaven to countervail, hath wove
In every tissue of thy love
A peace and power divine.

Ah, 'twere a scornful world, indeed,
To measure all its span
By solar morn, and solar night,
Made glorious by the transient might
Of intellectual man.

Were purposeless our leves to grow, And conscience wield the rod, Divining aspirations high, Mere shadows in a spectral sky, Without a loving God.

'Twere vain to try to reconcile Affliction to the heart, Were we now limited to know 'Tis all a mere material show Without an afterpart.

Then self alone would be the God,
The past a sordid theme;
The present foul Corruption's prey,
Fed by the future day by day—
All life a painful dream.

'Tis not the soul that dies; what then?
The purpose here displayed
Inevitably falling due,
Exists a record for review,
For nought in vain was made.

Arise, brave soul, undim'd our faith
That human life will prove
The threshold of another state,
Where souls again will congregate,
In knowledge and in love.

Though death came early, trustful one,
Our hopeful home to mar;
Though he has ta'en a joy away,
The heart in peace makes the essay
To follow him afar.

To life return, enrich'd in love, For sorrow amplifies, Into the Life of Lives, our son To perfect every hope is gone, All love to realise.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LEAD forth, O! Night, thy shining trains, And fill the heaven's expanse; Meek worshippers in spirit, we In every added glory see God's great magnificence.

Christ's Night! the eye of Faith beholds
A splendour in the scene
Unwonted, as when shepherds watch'd—
Saw heaven's familiar face enrich'd
With newer lights serene.

Christ's Night! the ransom'd soul exults In this memorial hour; Which, as of old, glad tidings brings, Fresh intercourse with heavenly things, From undiminish'd store.

Christ-like, O! Lord, help us to be In thy all-reaching plan; And every fresh memorial hour Bring added holiness and power, From childhood up to man. Lead forth, O! Night, thy shining trains, And fill the heaven's expanse; Rapt worshippers in spirit, we Beyond thy every glory see Love's great magnificence.

Christ's Night! lead forth thy shining truths,
And fill the soul's expanse;
Rapt worshippers in spirit, we,
From glory unto glory, see
Love's full magnificence.

NOBILITY.

MEN mark a title as a thing of course, Giving the compliment contemptuous To those who have possession without the

Proper generous attributes.

Exception may appreciate the name,
And think the name the gospel of the man;
But, happily, exception hath become
A trifling, lessening infirmity.

Aye may the universal judgment follow
Truth, till merit be the modest king of

Every family of man.

The blood of Liberty is up again,
And Bombalina's heir hath nothing to
Oppose the mighty impulse; nought but a
Huge legacy of monstrous rocks: the tools
Of torture's soulless trade and groaning prisons;

His kingdom is divided, and he hears His people shout exultingly, as if A hateful dynasty had passed away, And a new monarch riding in their midst. "He comes! King Garibaldi comes!" they cry; He comes, a king—the monarch of himself. The golden plaudits strike a steely soul, And barbless, powerless, virtueless, they fall. He comes, nor more nor less the man of old-The one affection reigning in his breast— Nor room for any tempter to destroy. He rides a head above imperial wiles, Above the checkmates of diplomacy— Beyond the baits of purple and of guilt. His work is done: two kingdoms are made free-One king unmade, another made again. No worth extraneous a king can add— Himself, and God his treasure only make: Invincible his soul, crowned long ago, Flings baubles bye, and, fetterless, he waits Till freedom cries, and gives him other Sacred, noble work to do.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES—THE COUNTRY.

'Twas said, "God made the country, and man made the town."

Nor do reason and nature the dictum disown; But 'tis pity indeed that the country should be Not a paradise quite for the authorship plea.

'Tis not that the country's old beauties are gone— That nature has lost any freshness and tone, For she still woos the caged city bird as of yore, With fair visions of peace from a plentiful store.

Still Nature displays her great bounty for all,
And there might be content—for her tribute is small—
If the squire of broad acres and lord of broad lands
Were in kind the sweet product of Nature's own hands.

But a blindness, descended from times long gone by, Degrades every prospect that gladdens the eye; For they compass small pleasures which last for a day, While there lie in their grasp those which never decay.

To be less than a squire, or be more than a lord Of the old crooked types sooth, their truth can't afford; Though a forecast of progress discovers their ways, Will much lessen their pleasure in these latter days.

Do my ancient powers do what seems meet with your time? To multiply deer, grouse, and game is no crime; And they're reckoned more worthy your culture and skill Than those great human herds that grow up as they will.

But there's joy here untasted, all running to waste—Well directed, would furnish a god-like repast:
Here's renown for ambition, more noble by far
Than garner'd in blood through the triumph of war.

We want light in the country from hovel to hall, And the great have a chance ere it pass to the small; For old bonds want renewing betwixt Adam's kin, And the old or the new lord must quickly begin.

Why, there Justice herself seems too old for the work, And though right to degrees is too much in the dark; Her golden mean mighty, quite out of repair, Seems unable to cast up accounts on the square.

She should sit in the gates as a friend to the poor, And imprison a Justice as fast as a boor, And have feelings for starving John Brown quite as keen As for Squire Noodlehead, in such possible scene.

Her humanity should not be frightened and gone When a man eats two turnips he called not his own; She should hold up the wisdom to odium and scorn Which would find a jail bird in a gleaner of corn.

We want light in the country; and surely it comes To make brighter and sweeter our millions of homes; Let the blind and the slothful beware its approach, That it come not upon them in haste overmuch.

There is grace yet for all if the truth in them lay, But our thoughts grow so fast, they mature in a day; And who would be the master to-morrow bespeaks, Must con over his lesson before the day breaks.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES—SOCIALISM.

Come, ye dead-level dealers in dead-level dreams, To the old knotty problem, your highest of themes, Bring the light of the present, the points of the past, In one more hopeful vision, the truth to upcast.

Come, philosophers, ye of the rigid class school, Who with Plato improved would the world misrule— From Egypt unearth, bring from Sparta fresh lore, All the sides of the natural man to restore.

Come, ye Sadducees, blatant o'er less than the truth, With your hearts free from guile as credulity's growth, Bring your free thought and logic, from prejudice free, To balance accounts of a contra degree.

Come, ye teachers of truth, and at times somewhat more, Send the tractable part of your obstinate corps, That inside of the temple the truth may run free, Nor come, as of yore, from some lost Galilee.

Come, Crime, and come, Want, in your nakedness show, For your forces are great, and still stronger they grow, Let your evidence point where your causes outcrop, That the axe find the root—not still tinker atop.

Come, all who have stakes in the country, or none, Who have taken a thought on the work to be done, Let your counsels flow hither to help out some plan To grant a just measure to every just man. First in order, my dead-level dreamers, I find Contradiction still loose yet among all mankind; Each is quite an exception where interest calls, And your self-sacrifice before self-worship falls.

But the aim of your system by none is denied Who take pleasure in progress and add to its tide; Though mistaken in means, ye have struck the key-note Through which common redemption is ever begot.

For 'tis not for one part, be they Levites or kings, That her great common treasures old Mother Earth brings; Nay, even where they centre, by will or mere luck, 'Tis humanity asks that those lords pay them back.

Who talks of the normal condition of man, As of kingship and rulers by right divine plan, Should come with the proofs that this right divine work, By the rule of exception, leaves none in the dark.

Let us see that the bungles and muddles they made Is precisely the life that the world are should lead— That peace and goodwill come through right divine rule, And the sweet alternation of wise man and fool.

Tell us, oft when the world lay prone at their feet,
To be moulded in harmony's measure complete,
Why the chances fell dead through divine work serene,
And the nobles grew fat, while the people grew lean?

No normal condition, but quite the reverse, An attempt to impose both the better and worse; A pre-arranged sham, and a one blessing show, Where the few may ordain how the blessing shall go. There are two kinds of madness to politics run,
Though their motives are contra, their actions are one,
Which I hope these fair isles will forever forego,
As extremes of a sort which brings ruin and woe.

First the bold unbeliever, whose creed is—revile, And who knows not to let well alone for the while, But would bring all humanity's idols to grief, And demolish the truth, as defaulter-in-chief.

Let us put out the light, and begin in the dark, Is his sure way to lead to perfection of work; For the world appears to have always gone wrong, And all faith, hope, and charity not worth a song.

Void of faith, yet no oracle ever before, Told the free—I am truth by more one-sided lore; He can measure out judgment in nicest degree, Till the orthodox shake, and the heathen go free.

By all means let him live, as one phase of the day, And as useful to hint both the right and wrong way; But seek not in him representative voice, For no leader is he, though he offers the choice.

There's his fellow in zeal of an opposite grade, Who belongs to the school where apostles are made; Be he Romish or Greek, or High Anglican bloom, He takes titles to teach which none else can assume.

Through his system alone is the whole truth convey'd, And where any may differ, his soul is dismay'd; And where one, two, or three, as a church, gather in, 'Tis no church, as of old, but a license of sin.

Well, those great corporations have played out their plan With all chances to raise and to educate man; And well up to the point where self-interest stops, Have the masses been raised in obedient crops.

But a high priest arose, some three centuries gone, And Mordecai like at gate, altar, and throne, Hath daily demanded, with multiplied might, Where the monoplist gathered the sanction of right.

As more strong grew the Press, so more weak grew the plea Of exclusion, in every distorted degree; Now loudly it tells—and with all it can cope—Those political failures are hoary atop.

No! no leader is he, all too carnal his game, Long tried and found wanting in truth's single aim; Yet the march of enlightenment opens a door To a destiny nobler, more free, than before.

Come, read me a riddle, insolved yet by time; Come, read me the riddle of want and of crime; How, where wealth grows apace, age should pauper become, And where Government sits, youth takes prison as home.

In ancient times hanging was good for a thief, And all punishment barbarous, lengthened or brief; Nay, the man in the moon might have truly declared That the thief, more than judge, more humanity shared.

Left to fate, often want saw in crime a last friend, And co-partners they journeyed to one common end; While the snug ruling class made the kinship secure, By all efforts for self, and none left for the poor. But light goeth down, even down in the earth, To show us the cause of this twin-monster birth; And not pains nor exclusion will conquer and win, But more love, and less hate, for who suffer and sin.

Now, my dead-level dreamer, what chances for thee When the people shall reach their majority free? When the hands which produce shall deliver the power, And the act and the will shall be severed no more?

No sight nobler, I ween, will the world ever see, Than a people who rule when enlightened and free; And whatever the forms which their will travels through, We shall read with new light—Give ye honour where due.

In a stable, thou knowest, a king may be born, And Truth's jewels be placed in a hand hard as horn;— Such selections deride all thy dead-level dreams, With the feudal age dotage of rigid class schemes.

By the signs of the times he who runneth may read That their work shall be done—now the people take heed; Here and there have they noted, by verities sure, That the workman alone shall the harvest secure.

On the dim border lands of great changes stand we, While vast shadows forecast what the changes may be. Come, my dead-level friend, thou hast claims in the work, And the truths thou hast nursed will leave notable mark.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES—REGENERATION.

Was there ever a time when no thing did go wrong— When old Earth in contentment sped gladly along— When she rose in the morn still the pastime of change, But with heart to enjoy it and with hope to arrange?

Every nation can point to some wonderful time When her sons were all heroes in action sublime; But the present, somehow, all romances ignores In the struggle for life with the wolf at our doors.

Now and then we have done a remarkable deed— We have oft changed our kings and have twice changed our creed;

And our kingship and creed are both measured right well, But for change or improvement—the future will tell.

Now, where doctors may differ mere men may agree, And though statesmen be wise, still some things they don't see;

And when leaders elect social signs don't discern, Both the hawk and the quack take their chance for a turn.

Now the hawk is abroad with keen eye for his prey—
If he prayed, he might ask royal geese in his way;—
To be candid, he reads what the signs all portend,
Though he's destined to swoop—in the dirt at the end.

We could do without bishops till Time's work is done, And our high priests of nothing might likewise be gone; But a credulous race, as we are, we must have A great something to worship, even though nothing it prove. Now, the quack is abroad, with sharp eye for his pay, With new nostrums to heal social sores in a day; All come useful to him from old Fungus, my lord, To the wit and the will of a Trades' Council Board.

In some ways greatly different our kestrels and hawks, From the thoughts and the ways of plain, innocent folks; For rejecting salvation, salvation they seek, And in social redemption a saviour bespeak.

Well, even let them hawk all things useful and true— When the tide fully flows they will sink from the view; All mere Lilliput Canutes, less wise they than him Who retired ere Old Ocean was filled to the brim.

Now the lords of the past are to rule us once more, Though decently dead generations before, And my Lords Cotton and Coal, and such modern fools, Sooth to save self, must call up those middle-age ghouls.

Given twelve noble ghosts and twelve mere working men, With my quack in the midst to encompass their ken, And the wants of the age are deduced one by one— Reckoned up sores and cures—and on paper 'tis done.

Ah, ye know not your strength, men of iron and wood—Ye, the salt of the land, are not self-understood; But hawkdom, and quackdom, and ghouldom, well know Whence the honey and milk of the future will flow.

Hence, be watchful of foes and be wary of friends: In your own hands remain the enfranchising ends; Great works are the outcome of small truths indeed, And the works are your own if the truths ye but heed.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES—TRADES' UNIONS. THE FIVE GAS STOKERS.

More light! more light! the cry hath been since earth began her race,

Since o'er the void of darkness wide she leapt to its embrace; More light! more light! we cry amain, the greater be our store,

We want more light to guide aright the higher we may soar.

To fix the quantum men may have, let nations stand the test, Their common law to illustrate mayhap will be the best; And Justice, high enthroned, is said to know not men's estates

Else than the light, the inner light, alone communicates.

The liar is a liar still, though Rex his title be—
The tyrant is a tyrant still though liberty his plea:
Before the equal eye of Truth all men are equal found;
Within the hall of Justice pure all stand on common ground.

Blind justice hears or man or prince whom slander would defile—

Gives absolution, and decrees his heart is free from guile; In every village of the land she sitteth at the gate, And by the light of Britain's law holds high and mighty state. Well, it hath happ'd those wondrous times the "swinish multitude"

Hath learned more economics than their legal light makes good;

And in Trades' Unions, banded firm, wide spreading o'er the land,

Their little outside parliaments a mighty power command.

Before the equal eye of Truth all men are equal found, And every outside parliament decrees the doctrine sound; When A and B a bargain make, all simpletons agree That equal benefits involve an equal penalty.

Not so, good friends: it may be so in Eighteen eighty-four; Meanwhile here is a case to point makes ye a little lower; An equal contract may be broke on one side, it is true, And all your recompence at law is just the wages due.

Dare ye an equal contract tear—their recompence divine— The penalty is swiftly due in quite another coin; The ratio of your recompence is just a pound a-week, Theirs—just a pound of British flesh when ye the contract break.

"More light—more light," our Solons say; "the nation will be dark;

The sacred rights of capital will vanish like a spark, Unless we deal a telling blow, through these misguided five, To unions and conspiracies which in these kingdoms thrive."

The deed was done in open day—the gage was sternly flung, And honest men, as jail birds, go to right a fancied wrong; To right no fancied wrong, arise—do battle as ye may, And light, pure light, to guide aright, be yours in the assay.

ODE ON THE BIRTHDAY OF SHAKESPEARE.

ARGUMENT.

Apostrophe to the Age—its characteristics—its beginning and form—Shakespeare's place in it and all ages—His work and our privileges.

Thine, Age of Fulness, is the privilege,
Nor less the privilege than pride and duty,
To edit in thy turn Life's wondrous page—
Ev'n add another to its lines of beauty;
But, heir of frailty, as I may salute thee,
When high ancestral tendencies impel,
Pause o'er the warning records of thy theme,
And mark where truth crops out the chronicle,
And why the monarch-sires alternate rose and fell.

Light rushes on thee, as from countless suns,
And wonders shoot up in thy path, as flowers
When the cold Earth in her proud circle runs
Into Spring's vernal province, and embowers
Deep in unnurtur'd beauties: yea, thy powers
In happiest aspect peer Hope's noblest thought,
And her evangelistic soul expands,
When, as Truth's husbandman, from Wisdom's height

When, as Truth's husbandman, from Wisdom's height Her golden seed you sow, man's heart to recreate.

Thought waits on all, from marvelling Infancy, And freely issues forth her heaped up treasure— Whether it be 'neath academic sky, Or on earth's highway, equal is the measure: The multitude heart especially her pleasure; For in its sweep her attributes dilate
Through million channels, and in endless forms,
And Truth, set free, superior stands elate,
And bids for empire wide, and victory complete.

The heart would linger o'er thy virgin traits,
And in the partial pleasure deeply revel,
But contra-attributes force the heart's gates,
And sickening images of blood and evil
Tell of dread paths, and times of pain and travail;
And in the light Sin's offspring loftier grow
Distinguished in the course of Destiny,
And scenes the world would gladly never know
Pass over its head as dark hurricanes of woe.

Ev'n now, while catching at eternal fruit,
And peering through the substance for the spirit,
While, Phæton-like, to glory thou dost shoot,
Sweeping through heaven's blue gateways in thy chariot,
Making the ancient aim of daily merit;
While with electric thongs thou tiest up space,
And Earth's four corners in thy hands retain'st;
While Knowledge by her giving doth increase,
And slave-bound souls rejoice in recognised release.

Still Force, detested Force, stalks o'er the earth,
Unholy thoughts the nations' wills governing;
And Lust and Carnage tow'r as things of worth,
And by their arts the mind of man descerning
Sees the sharp path to instant glory turning.
Still studied Devilry doth chain and thrall,
And millions rob of their fair heritage;
For spurious rights blood merchants loudly call,
Ev'n to the rescue God to sanctify the fall.

Sum of all Ages, pass thy hand along
The chequer'd record of thine own expansion,
Down through the rolling centuries of Song,
Till a new face appears in Life's old mansion—
Long time pre-heralded by light advancing:
Yea, till thyself, commissioned from on high,
Leap'd in the lists Truth's battle to resume,
And, thunder-tongued, man's heart did doubly try,
And op'd a door again to banished Liberty.

Earth cried for help, and the great Sea of Life
Surged to and fro, its ancient barriers breaking;
Thy natal morn, men dreamt a dream of strife,
And unto consciousness was reawaking,
In the dread grasp of actual terror shaking.
The real and the prophetic bade him rise
And shake the manacles from off his soul,
And by high heaven fulfil his destinies,
In his regenerate strength and new-born energies.

Help came through Suffering, as thy records tell,
And classic martyrs, ripe for endless glory,
Bade the prophetic speed in glad farewell,
And seem'd to seal the issue of thy story,
Pointing to conquests lying far before thee.
They were thy types who cheerfully did die,
At Truth's command, for millions yet unborn;
For, as of yore, Truth did in anguish cry
For Righteousness to save heaven's waning light and joy.

Peace came in part, and 'neath her gentle sway Man's soul grew purer and increased in stature; Love sowed her seed along earth's common way, And flowers blush'd forth her counterpart in feature In image sweet and delicate portraiture; While Wisdom's august hand arranged the whole, And Poesy round thy forehead twined a wreath Of fadeless worth, Decay shall never soil, And man devoutly prize while endless ages roll.

Thy history unfolds in streams of light,
Blending in complex mazes interblending;
Unshackl'd now, Man journeys in his might
Through thy dominions far and wide extending—
New features to thy progress ever lending;
And forms Conception never limned before,
And scenes which beggar the enchanter's tale,
And truths which worthless lay at every door,
Rise to an honoured place, to value evermore.

Chief in thy orient course moves Shakespeare's sun;
Among thy morning stars apart he shineth
With independent splendour: yea, as one
Who shows thy orbit his full strength confineth;
For by his light new visions man divineth,
And beauties hitherto hid from our eyes
Are bared by varied sovereign touch, while more
Wait for our wonderment, when we shall rise
Endow'd with power to scan his path along the skies.

The hollow symbols of a slighted Art
Grow pregnant with Life's stern realties;
The mimic Stage extends in act and part
To grasp the world's whole powers and qualities,
In one grand scene all aspects to comprise;
While Intellect the work doth multiply
By a creative power which Genius wields;
And the mere form of things is folded bye,
And inner Schools of Life their secret thoughts supply.

There Nature is outpictured, and she joins
Herself a handmaid to superior graces;
Humanity in endless shades refines,
Each one distinct, one of a million faces;
Light penetrates the heart's remotest places,
And every dweller, whencesoe'er he spring,
From highest source or shameless pedigree,
Yields up his wit beyond all reckoning,
And sings the Song of Life as truths can only sing.

A Player he! upon the chords of Life,
With mastery their place and purpose shaping:
From undertones where Thought and Instinct strive,
To utmost notes where Thought, clay-bands escaping,
Rings out new truths—old mysteries undraping;
And melodies responsive come afar
Like revelations from some central string,
Proclaiming fellowship with themes still higher,
Which mute and hidden lay within the human lyre.

First in the van of Ages travels he;
Flower of Man! God-like, ever scattering
Pearls of Instruction plenteously—
Truths—fairer, fresher by his uttering;
No prophet false of self aye muttering,
Searching for exaltation as his fee,
But humbly his high lessons are declared;
Yea, in his grand mature simplicity
His works are shadow'd, while the Man towers great and free.

With joy we meet on this his natal morn, His the sweet password to our union solely; Him, the acknowledged High Priest, truly born To kill the seeds of vice, and shame, and folly, And mould our hearts in heaven's fashion holy; To con his lessons, and with Hope compare
The grasp which Truth o'er mind and man maintains;
And humbly and devoutly with just care
Try to advance one step Truth's empire rich and fair.

Hail, fruitful Time! the world shall bless this day,
While mankind love to mingle thoughts together;
For loftiest soul e'er cased in form of clay,
Who could subscribe himself man's erring brother,
Drew from thy breasts a power which shall not wither;
Our tribute wish, our prayer and our regard,
Is that thy course and end may realise,
In every point which heaven doth reward,
The truths and teachings free of thine own peerless Bard!



WALLACE.

PROEM.

DESPAIR.

Mourn ye, mourn ye, Scotland's daughters,
For slaves will woo ye now;
Mourn ye, remnants of the slaughters;
Cast your broadswords in the waters;
Your only hope is low.

Mourn, feeble age, with darkened eye,
Quench'd thy last light, gone thy last joy;
In travail and in gloom,
Without one hope, or bless, or stay,
Go thy cold solitary way,
Into the barren tomb.

Break, swollen hearts, in your distress, Your deep, maternal wretchedness; From fonts of love to streams of woe, Turn your unmatch'd devotion now; Your dreams of peace are ever gone, With homeless sire, and lifeless son.

Bow down, ye everlasting hills, Old home of liberty! No more within your shadow dwells The fearless, or the free;

No more athwart your heathery sides Shall sweep high patriotic tides. To freedom or the grave; No more your heaven-arch'd halls shall hold Those tameless spirits, who of old A shatter'd land did save. Broken the limbs ve knit so well, The monarch mind for ever still: Thy Wallace is no more: While infamy hath set her brand Upon the forehead of the land, And Scotland's noblest names have shared The sordid bribe, the foul reward, Which traitors revel o'er; That power oft broken at her feet. Hurl'd back in many a dire defeat. Hath bought the mastery; And loose her store of vengeance flies, While barter'd, bleeding Scotland lies, The sport of tyranny.

TREACHERY.

There is a race of men accurs'd
In every clime, in every land,
Weeds in the human garden, nurs'd
As by the devil's hand.
Around the pure they softly twine,
With many sickening arts combine,
Fair life with ruin foul.
No flower too sacred for their touch;

None placed too high but they can reach. To vitiate and spoil. Unceasingly their toils they ply In tangled webs of devilry, Till nature's-fairest offerings fade, Corrupted, sullied, and decay'd; Ripe they in selfishness and sin, As fair without, as foul within; Men they profound in friendship's lore, Whose choice with honours runneth o'er; Prompt to discern the turning tide, And claim their own the winning side. When the hearts of patriots sink. Battling still on ruin's brink; When their hopes are waning fast, By despair and fate o'ercast; When a stricken nation reels, And her blows at random deals; Then the guiltiest game is play'd, Cold masterpiece of soulless trade; Then the failing hearts they win, And stealthily they welcome in Death, vengeance, woe, and shame. Such, false Menteith, thy work and art, Forsworn, rejected—hence, depart To scorn and vilest fame.

IN MEMORIAM.

IDOLATERS, who love the truth,
And what the truth produces,
Whether the flower be pagan growth,
Or crops out heavenly places,

Come, with the sweets of million-man, Come, with the traits of your great one, To register his uses; Together reverently divine, The glories of that august line Of crownless kings, or crowned, Whose death let loose their life to all— Their pent-up worth did disenthrall. The more it might abound. Come with the noble and the great, My brave one's merits to debate— His rights to sanctify; Bring every worthy, honoured name To verify the place we claim In your idolatry. 'Tis Scotland's tale, is Wallace' life; Her victories, defeats, and strife Concentre round his name; For when her game for life was play'd, And England lifted high her blade, The victor's debt to claim. The Wallace sword leapt from its sheath, Unmov'd he in the face of death, And cross'd it ere it fell: And gathering strength with every blow, He press'd back his insulting foe, Till every foot of Scotland's ground It's Southern mastery disowned— Free and unconquer'd still; Nor did he stay for border line, But backward o'er the Tweed and Tyne. His beaten foe he hurl'd: Even in Durham's ancient see

Men saw his flag of victory

Defiantly unfurl'd;
Nor yet for menace or distress,
In cruelty or wantonness;
But a bold step, most wisely ta'en,
To fill his country's folds again;
Her vacant garners full to store,
And famine keep from Scotland's door.

Well earned a saviour's name, indeed— A guardian's was the homely meed. Nor to one part alone confined The action of his august mind: Though formed to bias and control War, with his demon-frenzied soul-Mould and direct the multitude Through passion's ever-varying mood; Whether on battle-eve to steel The patriot heart for woe or weal-Whether, when victory was won, To temper retribution's tone,— Whether, when ruin had o'ercast, A better future to forecast: His was the loftier part again To teach peace unto warlike men— To bid the dead again arise In Scotland's buried enterprise. And let the resurrection be The bridal of the earth and sea.

With all a patriot's high desires, Industry's civilising fires He lighted, till the coldest hearth Grew beautiful in joy and mirth. The while pomp, pride, and hate allied To turn his truthful steps aside:-Fame offered every regal bait, Temptations ever round did wait— Friends became foes ev'n in their love, Foes became friends to doubly prove; But power and wealth, and pomp and fame, Else than his country too could claim, He thrust aside, and grandly stood A master in his rectitude. Kings from the man might lessons learn, Humanity fresh honours earn-Instruction light anew acquire At patriotism's holy fire. Youth o'er his life, which fictions shame, Feels manhood coursing through his frame-Reflective manhood proudly turns With brightening eye and heart that burns, And all his sympathies decree A pattern man and friend was he.

Nor yet historic lay be mine—
Not in the compass of this line,
The Wallace life I aim to trace
In its devoted nobleness.
No lyric, though with epic sweep,
To mark each feature sharp and deep;
No mere description can collect
A grander, fairer retrospect,
Scarce other beauty can engage
Than lingers sweet round history's page;
His high deserts command as meet
The tragic Muse in power complete,
Where thought and action fitly twine
With honour firmly to combine.

Idolaters by token here,
Mine honoured one with me revere;
Love asks for him your greenest bays,
And Honour vindicates the choice—
Truth forms for him her highest claim
To be an elder son of Fame.

APOSTROPHE.

Harp of my sires! fain would I sweep
Thy immortality along—
Fain would I ope thy treasures deep
Of melody and song;
The theme is thine alone to wake—
Round thy most sacred chords 'tis twined;
Nor canst thou other memories wake
More green in Scotland's mind.

But inarticulate yet this theme
In every painful, glorious phase;
In disunited tissues stream
Those tales of precious days.
One hand, alone, had tied them all
By one poetic spell inspired,
But Death's untimely blow did fall
When full of action fired.

With Burns thy master lay was lost,
Though music from thy chiefest string,
Unpeered in kind, at random cross'd,
Shall everlasting ring.

Be mine, meanwhile, the loving task

To touch one phase of this great theme,
And to forecast thy aid I ask,

Through figure, type, or dream.

'Tis thine to shut or to unseal,

To give the certain bias true—

Thy newer beauties to reveal,

Thy older to renew.

An early, ardent wish, mature,

Now courts the hopeful venture sweet,

And haply by thy power secure

The present aim complete.

CANTO I.

A spy in heaven appears the evening star-A scout from Night to watch Day's dazzling car Descending o'er the confines of our sight, Slow, laden with the author of all light. Now on the hills of Caledon he burns. Like fearful light round sacrificial horns— An image great recalling Israel's doom, When temple, city, and a nation's home, Full garner'd with the sum of miseries, In fire did fall one awful sacrifice. Now as a bridge, with parapet of fire, The passive clouds appear, at his desire, While underneath you ponderous mass upheaves Like burning ice-hill in the northern waves. The monarch's head beneath earth's zone's now hid, But middle space his glories yet bespread;

The clouds, subservient to creative pow'r,
Dilate with splendours Fancy might die o'er;
Above, around, in grand disorder built—
Calm as a babe hushed by a mother's lilt—
In stately form, far-reaching and sublime,
A perfect whole—still Nature in her prime.
As master hand which showeth Pleasure's face,
And hides in golden tints what might disgrace,
The sun, in his inimitable dyes,
Changes and gilds what else would blot his skies.

Now as the soft grey sister of the night Spreads her smooth wings to take her rapid flight, A throbbing halo marks decaying power, Like after-traces of a passion's hour.

The evening star now mounts in upper skies—
A cautious light, or mellow in disguise—
And from her height, to virgin Night's a sign That hot-eyed Day hath left her throne again.

CANTO II.

When Spring, ecstatic, o'er the wasted earth Proclaims the ord'nance of another birth—
Unties the bands of Nature, and again
Restores the banished beauties of the plain,
So queenly Night, o'er heaven's dominions wide—
Which garish Day made featureless and void—
Erects again her potentates and pow'rs,
Restores the glories of her silent hours.
From every part of her far-circling dome
Forms known to seer and peasant sparkling come
In phalanx deep, in bristling front or line—
In shapes fantastic Fancy's eyes define;
The while soft Night, through the deep vale alone,

Doth order, dictate from her ebon throne, And round their queen they gather, mute and still, Like mystic adjuncts in a mystic spell, In deep devotion homage now to pay To her who rules, and ruled before usurping Day.

CANTO III.

While thus her court enormous holds the Night, Swath'd in her pendant's beautifying light, Let mortals now peruse the august scene, Stand mute before the infinite serene, In height and depth of their own littleness, Feel what's to learn, their knowledge none the less. For each and all there is a lesson here, For dullest mind, and soul which knows no peer; Here Wonder may her utmost senses thrill, Thought stride from star to star in wonder still; The ampler vision brings the ampler joy, And paths of light untrod invite the high employ.

Ambition, hither in thy greatest form!
Lord of the tempest, master of the storm!
In all the garniture of pemp and pride,
Thy aims complete, no high desire denied;
With vassal peoples humbled round thy throne,
One system, and one monarch—thee alone.
Ah! 'tis indeed a passion-stirring scene,
Flush'd in thy might, to see thy flaming eyne,
Exultant o'er earth's forehead grandly sweep,
The while thy thoughts, in haughty musings deep,
Spurn with disdain Contentment's local crown,
When for a blow they might name all their own.
Here at the bar of Nature, lofty night,

Humanity arrests thee in thy might, By truth, to tax thy stern authority-Though might is right with conquerors like thee. Stand, pride incarnate, say what place is thine In this great temple, where ordained to shine? In the eternal order here display'd. Where is thy kingdom by one surety laid? Under what verity dost thou appear And take thy honours as immortal here? It is eternity confronts thee now, And sears the laurels on thy harden'd brow: It is the future with its silent scorn Which lays thy glory in the dust 'twas born; It is the present, full of truth's employ, Which mocks to-day thou tremblest to enjoy: It is a solemn oracle which speaks Of wrath to sin, joy to the heart that breaks; Of stable kingdoms and a certain crown, When thou art eveless, senseless, dead and gone.

CANTO IV.

Night, gentle succourer, renews again
The day-worn earth, prone with its toil and pain;
Its thews unstrung with tender sleep repairs,
And respite grants from its great load of cares;
Its myriad tongues grow faint, and mute, and still,
And Night doth reign with undisputed will.
The roaring city, by her power imprest,
Like weary giant, softly sinks to rest;
The drowsy hamlet and the clattering town
Alike her calm, benignant sway doth own;
The watchful castle, and the fortress grim,
As lofty shades nod in the darkness dim;

The solemn mountain, and the dreary plain, Promote her silent, universal reign; From sea to sea her regal sway complete, While onward moves the heavenly pageant great.

CANTO V.

Stay, sovereign Night! protract thy kindly reign; With added sweets here minister again: Here cast in hope thy recreating power, And seal thy arts to cancel and restore; Thy deepest spell o'er suffering Scotland throw, To blunt her pain and mitigate her woe. In ways remote convey thy tempered care, For mute she lies, in sorrow and despair— In helpless consciousness abased, opprest, Her last brave hope wrung from her gallant breast. Day, ruthless, summoned olden feelings dear, Each aspiration which was wont to cheer; Each high emotion, parent of renown, Old days of freedom, ever past and gone; Historic forms in stately order great, Historic joys to Scotland consecrate— Historic deeds passed on from sire to son, Historic hopes of greater to be done. And Retrospection's mocking finger keen Drew poignant contrast to the closing scene-A scene of death, intensified by hate, Where torture, death, with spurious life did bait— Where fury sought for fresh extremes of pain, And vengeance whetted every shame again. There stood one form, one central figure, free, Though lock'd in gyves, and fast his shackles be; Erect, yet lowly-meek, yet full of fire,

The butt of insult and of malice dire;
Him the accuser, though condemned to die,
Scorn in his port, forgiveness in his eye;
Distracted Scotland o'er him wildly hung—
With deep farewells her wasted bosom wrung;
Summ'd, in his life and in his death complete,
Her hopeful trials and her hopeless fate:
Her chequer'd life epitomised in him,
She sees depart as his bright eyes grow dim.

CANTO VI.

Man's deepest night may bring hope's brightest day, As Winter holds the germs of Summer gay: Down in the depths of anguish and despair, Redeeming hope, unbid, may enter there. Though the worn heart rejects the proffered joy As Fate's deceit to build and then destroy. Devoted Hope, which time nor doubt can tire, Brings back the outcast will with added force and fire. One Spirit, chief in Truth's celestial train, Promoteth hope when hope doth shrink again— Unerring friend when man for light doth call, Unflinching friend when man may blindly fall; Opposed and baffled, sterner doth he grow— Oppression's prime, unalterable foe. Issue divine, nor change, nor force, nor fear, Can bow his head or chill his purpose dear. With flesh abiding, as a god in clay, Emotions mixing till mankind obey; He robes the lowly with eternal fame, The dastard turns to monument of shame, And, helpless, he will ope a heaven to view Where sin and shackles can no more pursue;

This spirit sweeps across the placid scene—
Across the old land where his home had been.

CANTO VII.

By dark, capricious Forth the spirit rests Upon a hill, the foremost of those guests Which tower in grand array, from Nature won, To guard the northern parts of Caledon-Even on the hill the Wallace wight did plan The solid square and the impetuous van— Restrained and edged each freeman for the fight-Making their blows heroic in their might-As on the mass they fell when ready eye Signalled the point presumption cast the die. Disguieted he moveth to and fro-Half vanishing, then starting all aglow; Now trembling, dim on the uncertain sight, Like faintest scintillation of the night; Now would be threaten, an unearthly fire, To quench the orbs that strove to view entire The lightning phases of his passion's course, Which burned through every change with stronger fire and force.

Within one hand he held a crystal sphere
On which was limned, in darkest character,
The instant features of our changeful globe;
Now even his emotions and his robe
Settled around his form in noble grace.
As living like and conscious of its place;
A golden band the Spirit's brow embraced,
O'erwrought with type and sign divinely traced.
All that the heart devout doth yearn to know
For guide and government in state below.

His face betokened constant thought and care, Enhancing more its nobleness of air: Upon his brow deep wisdom held full sway, While round his mouth benevolence seemed to play; And pity's tender traits might there be seen, Though anger's cloud should travel o'er the eyne; There honour and integrity appeared, And scorn, higher than loftiest man e'er rear'd, To guard him unto death for conscience just: And undissembling love that could not lust; And deeper when deceiv'd were whirlwind parts. Awing as scene where soul this life deserts. His silver beard of many-years might tell. But youth was there as indestructible; His eyes now seemed as two attentive souls. Deep as the deepest intellect controls; While thus he seemed what man might truly fear, Or ever love, if that he shadow'd near Unto the attributes the form displayed, In truth he seemed a soul as high as souls are made.

CANTO VIII.

Over the shining ball the spirit mused,
And every point and every line perused;
Not like philosopher o'er something new,
But master-like, with all in instant view;
To speculation giving scope the while,
As if from depths remote some pleasure to beguile.
"Again that subtle vice," the spirit said,
"Would place the world upon its brittle head."
Oft hath it done, and frightful was the fall,
While man aye suffer'd through his merits all,
And on its serfs the superstructions fell,

And wisdom came with desolation's knell. Alas! to many minds it seems a gem Worthy the front of sacred diadem: With it the monarch wields a nation's arms, And slays the safety which he ne'er alarms; It flaunts its hollow glories to the sky, And makes allegiance dance in every eye; It puts man's honour to ignoble use, And dulls the heart to truth's own perfect joys: Power adds to power, its merit is success, Nor, with its ends attain'd, doth find content or bliss. My cause shall prosper, heaven's voice doth say, Though nations pass, as things of yesterday: I know not time, yet its pulsations will Evoke impatience, as for man I feel; For millions rise, and sink down as they rise, In promise fair, but promise fair it dies; And truth propitious bears for freedom's day, But passion drives her centuries away. This haply is the individual sight, For in the scope of universal light The world's whole life is purified the more, And point by point truth's influence spreads o'er: And though at times unequal seems the flow, Still as the sovereign doth she onward go-Sole arbitress of life or death alone, The peoples first or last pay homage at her throne.

CANTO IX.

How many fiery eyes have swept thy brow? How many fiery feet yet dint thee now? Thy varied form hath o'er and o'er been traced, Names scarce were written ere they were defaced; Mere powers material up to heaven they grew, And o'er thy face their mighty shadows threw; Built by injustice, in their greatness lay, The impulse spent, relapses and decay. A holiest fire is patriotism true, A household love expanded in its view; Matured in form 'tis emulation pure, Careful to build on truth's foundation sure, Renouncing self, yet made all wants to feel As whole were self, and self were whole as well: Exclusive, yet as helping man to be More than he is, in truth and honour free; A stern evangel cloth'd in rectitude, Expanded still, base of man's brotherhood. But though it lies within the breast of man In his land's love, and every nation's plan, Few, few, alas, it's uses can unroll, And shape its work in economic whole; In narrow channels yet its course hath run, While lust rose to pollute its hopeful aims begun.

CANTO X.

Man seeks new signs while old signs yet are seal'd,
And wonders new while wonders old are veil'd,
Bid him retrace his wayward steps to find
The blissful ends he hurrying leaves behind.
Learn to unlearn is truth's first lesson keen,
Nor harder task on learning's road, I ween;
For sacred prejudices bar the way,
And frightful veneration bears full sway;
Self to renounce, old pleasures to destroy,
A vale of shame for seats of pride and joy;
But sweet the issue, sanctified by pain,

The conquered soul turns conqueror again,
And cloudless visions actuate the soul,
Signs old and new, and wonders to unroll.
Free doth he stand, enfranchised every power
To heights unmark'd, unfetter'd he may soar,
Even as the heir to some possession great
Arrived at manhood's opulence and state,
His vast dominions then he comes to view
Acquire his rights, and every right pursue,
Know their conditions, whitherward they tend,
The ordering cause, and the momentous end.

CANTO XI.

So far estranged, so far from truth declin'd, So dimmed man's judgment, and so mix'd his mind, That simple truth makes strongest doubt arise, Or is or seems supernal in his eyes. Hence doth he seek a mediatorial power, Priest, or arch-priest to mystify the more, While equal he, a son of light may shine, And turn the heart direct to source of light divine. Unaided by inspired instruction, he Once grandly grew, though half a Sadducee; His great untutored aspirations prone Saw fancy's heavens reserved for gods alone, And though he built a nobleness and worth, 'Twas transient as the fashion of the earth. His future was a lion in the path. A gloomy picture hung in shades of death. Devoid of cheering hope and loving aim, Which yet shall rule without or spot or blame. Heaven new he hath preserved on every side, Its counsels kept by idleness and pride,

A stunted crop of virtues duly told
Of precious price in service or in gold;
False deputies have turned the stream aside
Which ought to circle through the heart's own tide;
Man cannot know his individual good,
For well built superstition will intrude
On immortality's deep solitude,
Supported by some o'ergrown weaknesses,
Shifting to suit a blindness more or less,
Only as light may rise or may depress.
Man's conscience dares not his own Levite be,
And down upon the ignominious knee,
All take this gospel as the mother food
As infancy, as soul-crowned great manhood.

CANTO XII.

Ah! Caledon, misfortune doth thee chase, And fairer spirit heart might never trace; Ave isolated on the path to truth, Ave struggling for thy singleness and youth, And worth and power had often pressing court, And often strait escape, but if thou wert In faithfulness protected by each son, None ever placed a hand upon thy throne. Alas! thy darkest forecasts are fulfilled, Thy recreant sons alone have thee exiled; But mayhap in abasement they shall know That theirs in thine, and thine is all below; And they may rise with those who never sleep: Those like to one whom faith, love, hope, now weep; And none shall say a nation ever dies Or falls beneath mere brutish tyrannies, Although its foes be doubled o'er and o'er,

If heart be whole, and its brave arms before. Heart yet is whole, but who shall be the head When all shall ripen and invoke the dead—
For all shall ripen, and the moment shall Be when to rise, and rise or ever fall?
One shall be found though forced direct from heaven, For none desire but in due time 'tis given; One shall be found, born with a sceptred mind, One meet for elements of sternest kind;
Nor may I point the outlines of the day,
And hold this generation will decay
Before a blast of freest life is born;
For man to-day is peace, and on the morn
He riseth an emotion incarnate,
Keener to strike if death upon him wait.

CANTO XIII.

Man's deepest sin is advocating blood, But righteousness ne'er shrank where patriot stood, Whether to prune by thousands or by one; Nay, such the courses which mankind have run, Such the conditions and their issues stern, Which man must meet successively in turn. That blood doth trace all histories of wrong, And blood again rights contra themes prolong; Blood seals or opens with unfailing power. Brings ruin or redemption evermore. Even so 'twill be until a brighter hour When truth shall rule commensurate with power, And the old fallacies of conquest fail, With passions curbed that justice may prevail. Toil on, ye brave! though darkness be the king, Though every evil be upon the wing;

Though gall'd with all the pains of hate and death, Peace and reward a sure to-morrow hath.

Undoubting work, though force thy work would reap, The gage is blood, for force is aye thigh-deep; Heirs ye of truth, unto no race confined,

She moves ye now with a prophetic mind; Behold truth's heralds, in a thousand forms, Ride on war's tempest, mingle in her storms; Signs of a great emancipation come

From points remote, through ignorance and gloom; Even on this soil truth's temple may uprise,

The builders ye of wondrous destinies;

Be faithful, then, that when the changes break,

Your hands be free their glories to partake.

CANTO XIV.

Thus, Wallace, ends thy passage through the lists, In which have played the world's greatest guests; Mighty in truth, supreme, and adequate To mete a measure unto proudest fate, Thou didst not fall because a subtler hand Than thine did frail humanity command. None thee approached to insolently cope, Though odds were 'gainst thee and a famish'd hone; Nor fortune, nor misfortune, turn'd thy work From thy one purpose, and thy righteous mark; The rather gave new strength unto thy soul, Thy country's name to place on freedom's roll. Into the sanctuary of feeling thou Now enterest, and mankind yet shall bow To thee as of that family of men Who save and mould the world past common ken." The spirit paused, for through the passive air

There clove a voice of sadness and despair;
Round every accent music seemed to dwell,
Although the passioned utterance did tell
That grief alone forced through articulate voice
Her bitter woes and vital agonies;
Thus spake the voice, and spirit, hill, and sky
Joined audience to the melancholy cry:—

CANTO XV.

"I've mourned with thee when deserted By our kindred traitor-hearted. But thou wert a mighty prop, And thou wert a host in hope; And I never knew despair While a remnant round thee bare, While thy hand and foot were free To wrestle with adversity. But thou art now for ever gone, My truest, kindest, noblest son! And my destiny falls with thee-All my hopes are laid beneath thee: Now a fugitive I lurk-Welcome only in the dark; Now my destiny is cast With the spirits of the past, There to weep my glories o'er, There to live, but doomed for ever. Methought thy victor-locks to twine With honours none e'er won before; But though the honours still are thine, The act of love is mine no more. Annulled my power thy worth to bind With tribute in historic scene;

But strangers will thy story find,
And trace its beauty, ever green.
Awhile I linger, crushed and torn,
To reap the shame which brake thy heart,
Till Scotsmen be not freemen born,
Then silently as dead depart."

CANTO XVI.

As the last accent trembled in the air, Beföre the spirit stood a maiden fair-Fair and proportioned past what mind conceives, Nobler than that conception are deceives— 'Twas she who spoke; and attitude exprest The grief and care which travailed in her breast. Though every feature grief's commotion claimed. Fresh from the hand of purity she seemed; Adown her shoulders foamed her golden hair Loose and unfettered; and when motion bare It o'er her countenance, she seemed as Truth When sorrowing through an ornament of youth. Her hands were clasped upon her half-hid breast. Which heaved and struggled as imprisoned guest Who through a loop-hole sees a loved one die, And strives in grief for grief's own liberty. Ah! to depict the tenderness and love, The majesty in suffering from above-The high-souled look and feature every one, The vestal grace with energy upon; The full-born honour and unbending will. In mien which said untouched, untrammeled still. Though over all the clouds of sorrow hung, Touched with the passiveness despair doth bring, More was required than evanescent tears.

Than undivided grief, unchanged by years,
To dim the consciousness of her bright eye,
And overrule the mind's supremacy.
Not that her grief was like the tear-like dew,
Assumed on beauteous flower to make more new;
For every look and movement told of wounds
Which had their roots in life's remotest bounds;
The rather the emotion's passing throe,
In contrast well defined, undying powers did show.

CANTO XVII.

Upon the ground was bent the maiden's eve-The spirit thus unnoted still stood by, But unsolicited he now advanced, And broke the rapture which her soul entranced. "Daughter," he said, "thy sons are many yet, And why shouldst thou their faithfulness forget? Thy Wallace is well worthy of thy tears, But are all brothers worthy of thy fears? 'Tis not a vassal-spirit lurks within-'Tis discord only is the accursed sin: And when all feel the suffocating hand Of tyranny, then shall thy wayward land Rise o'er some incident or simple word, And drown what sheathes Remorse's ghastly sword? Were painter here of mind, and hand, and eye, Fit to relate upon that boundless sky, In able character and symbol true, To which to what vicissitude is due. Methinks in this affection thou wouldst see The future honoured, purified, and free; But list unto approximation's view, And let the danger aid thy struggles to renew.

CANTO XVIII.

There thou wert placed an isolated star, Whose single light was envied from afar; In thy close neighbourhood a sister shone Like, yet unlike in beauty, too alone-Identical in aim, as virtue thou, And unassailable as heaven's brow-She open truth, and more approachable, Both the possessors of a massive will; Both full of dignity and purest worth-Allied, commensurate to sway the earth; Nor in alliance would one feature be Erased, though softened, ere by her or thee. But pride and folly sit in places high, And cut the chords of sweet affinity: Thy sister's ampler fields the while afford An ampler power to the acknowledged lord; From sea to sea roams his ambitious eve. And thou alone bar'st his supremacy. Ambition mocks him that thy king should be Of equal merit, by his right as free; And though thy sister struggled to repress This finest talent of all wickedness, With art and power, it moved the nation's heart To make its aim a nobleness in part; And now the passion hath obtained full sway, While a close prisoner she droops away.

CANTO XIX.

The swords are whetted and the arms are bright, And Glory rides his red horse to the fight, And sends ambassadors on every hand To soil the charter of thy ancient land.

Good success here, though it is hard to bear, For freedom stoops not, proud ave as a spear: But discord through the nation sweeps amain. Like wintry blasts o'er summer's golden plain; And buried enmities again revive, And fresher enmities together strive; And treachery meets honour and reward. And faithfulness the dagger and the sword-The foemen's gage, unlifted in thy name, No honoured king doth honour to thy fame Till, worn and faint, thy prowess passed away— To the invader thou dost fall an easy prev. A troubled sleep upon thy country falls. But old emotion to its spirit calls; With every link forged to oppression's chain— Another son awakes to thee again. The deeper down humiliation's throes, The stronger still redemption's promise grows; Now flitting here, now flitting there, to tell That under-currents inward life impel, Until collected by one master soul, Whose voice evoked thy freedom's muster roll, When, lo! the dead again to life return. And shackless fall apart under the impulse stern.

CANTO XX.

Where titled minions spilt thy dearest blood, And, for the while, in hireling favour stood; Where sordid leaders run dishonours race, Sold and re-sold with an unblushing face; Where discord waged her self-destructive fight, And lost the freeman's in the fool's birthright, Fresh faces rise, unknown to eye of fameTen thousand freemen equal to thy name,
Sick of the paltering of thy traitor lords,
Keen as the edges of their ready swords,
With ardent footsteps pressing to one goal,
Drawn by the magic of one earnest soul.
Still unimpaired her arm thy country proves,
Still in her heart untarnished ancient loves,
A lesson then—a warning now indeed
To those who will her open heart misread,
Who, high-appointed, will her ways disown,
And fail to mould her tendency and tone;
For step by step come newer lords elate
To shape her course where older monarchs sate,
And olden rulers, then as aliens, stand
Without a common tie in common fatherland.

CANTO XXI.

As Bethel's shepherd, filled with flame divine, Met face to face the mighty Philistine, In kindred spirit doth thy Wallace rise, And face to face all England's might defies. The artless shepherd knew not Israel's fear. In faith where truth is, Good is ever near; Thy Wallace, in his tameless virtue, feels 'Tis bondage only which the spirit kills. By Judah's lion great deliverance came, And tongues inspired decree eternal fame; Thy Wallace brought salvation by his sword, And equal merit doth the truth afford. In thy historic page let fancy find New threads of gold with which her tale to bind; Here, in one life pourtrayed heroic theme, Beyond the compass of her grandest dream.

As sacred were the Hebrews' struggles deem'd,
As sacred to men's progress thine esteemed;
Nor greater issues Hebrew patriot saved
Than by thy Wallace hand upon times tablets graved.
But though thy Wallace doth superior stand,
Fitly pronounced the leader of the land,
The form and cast of many a brother true
Fitly pronounce such leadership as due;
In faith and hope self-trustful they arise
A nation high endowed with deathless qualities.

CANTO XXII.

The air is thick with terrors gathering far, And earth, prophetic of remorseless war, Doth shuddering gird her ere the mighty storm Shall scathe her face and desolate her form. For Scotland's shepherds, filled with flame divine, Now face to face defy their Philistine; From every hand, with import and emprise, The instrument of thy deliverance flies. Hope, banish'd erewhile in the conflict high, Exalts her torch to catch the patriot's eye, Now here, now there, a minister and guide, To mark oppression's slow receding tide, Until fair prophetess of freedom won, Ev'n at thy regal gates thee victress doth she crown. And yet, alas! while thy great Guardian's hand Doth brace the thews of thy enfranchised land To meet the foe returning in the mass, Wave upon wave of tinkling steel and brass, Deceit again 'neath coronets doth smile, And pride again, as false as it is vile, Detested villanies again renew,

And former follies join thy freedom to undo.
Unfolds the signal on dark Falkirk's field—
Foredoomed to fall, though not foredoomed to yield;
A bartered battle, though thy faithful still
Fight against Fate with an unflinching will;
Each proves a lion that hath turned to bay,
Defeated half the victors of the day.
Thence, step by step, even to this solemn hour,
Thy hopes depart, thy purposes and power,
Through the old forms of shame and bitterness,
Through newer forms intenser in distress.
But yet awhile the husbandmen who sow
Shall harvest reap of infamy and woe,
And yet awhile the gamblers of to-day
In penalties of death their own life-stakes shall pay.

CANTO XXIII.

Who are against thee both in deeds and words Besides oppression's hundred thousand swords? Chief are thy sons, anointed and prepared Select, upraised thy heritage to guard— Hope shudders at the mention of each name, And scant exception verifies their shame. But they alone are not the source of power— 'Tis deeper down, uninjured to this hour, And though their wont-right brings a hireling crowd Which knows no aim but rank or gold's avowed, Truth's ceaseless actions silently apply, And within lessening bounds their wicked hands doth lie. Who, then, are thine—who are thy honest sons? The nameless yeomen, simple artizans, Who bend the brow to palpitating toil— Each, one and all, without exception, vile.

Now leaderless, they seem a broken mass, But from their bosom yet a chief shall rise, And worth like theirs concentring once more, Resistless shall thy olden state restore. Nay, though no Wallace hero rise again From rural life to break the tyrant's chain, When round thy traitor nobles' neck is thrown The galling yoke they fastened on thine own, Then shall repentance hasten thee to meet, And peer with peasant kneel low at thy feet."

CANTO XXIV.

When on the maiden's ear the spirit's voice Broke in reproach in which there was no choice, Like startled modesty she backward drew, And round her form her ample mantle threw, Then on the spirit fixed a steady eye, And listening attitude made the reply. His speech was rapid, but no word was lost— Each one peculiar, in perfection most, While action rose to perfect every strain, And every feature told it o'er again. Though no new tale, yet every hope and joy, And every love, and every fear and woe, Which had controlled or been controlled again, Came and departed in tempestuous train. With features calm, "Father," she answer made, "Thy countenance I seek, thy paths would tread; My heart is lightened though the land doth die, Yet hope I will though adverse fate reply; And strive I will, nor e'er dishonour self, For this despair was only sorrow's pelf. I, only I, could prize the Wallace' heart;

Yea, father, I have often thought that part Of thine own attributes were in him placed, Unsullied, undiminished, though embraced In human form.—Thou sawest cruelty Stand like an imbecile beneath his eye, Nor fretful cry nor angry word he gave; And as his body hath not found a grave, So shall his nobleness no death-bed have. No titles sought he, nor an envious name—Man with a true heart was his only claim, 'My country,' said he, 'is my only bride;' In truth he lived, in faithfulness he died."

CANTO XXV.

Without a sign, without a warning given,
Quick as the fire from cannon's bowels driven,
Flashed in the eastern sky a stranger light,—
Direct and rapid to the hill its flight,
But ere the eye could estimate its form,
It swept the creeping Forth like fiery storm,
And round the hill a lightning circuit flew,
Then stayed in front in middle air to view.
A troubled mass of no distinctive shape
Of every hue, all glittering in a heap,
As if it caught a ray from every star,
And mix'd the brilliant lights in journey from afar;
But from its midst a solemn voice was heard,
And thus the mission Prophecy declared:—

"Spirits of the heaven and earth,
Spirit thou of olden birth,
Spirit thou of humbled worth;
He whose word no time can alter;
He whose wisdom cannot falter;

He who speaks, and worlds quiver; He who rules supremely ever, Thus permitteth prophecy; Whose dominion rests on clay, Must bear grief with joy alway. But good works shall ever merit What the meek doth aye inherit; And on earth truth shall not perish, For his hand doth always cherish. Out of the chosen of thy name, Out of a corrupted fame, Shall a king arise; Heed not what he seemed before. Give him all as thou had'st more, And freedom is the prize. Another spring shall hardly kiss Thy wasted country's brow; Before thy sorrow shall be gladness, And thy gladness shall be sadness. For war hath made a vow.

CANTO XXVI.

As when the fiery ruler of the day
Cleaves through the forehead of the morning grey,
First making dulness as a fire to burn,
And sober weeds to flaming drapery turn,
So when the voice was heard within the cloud,
The lambent mass with fiercest ardour glowed;
Then shifting round the flames were lashed aside,
And forth there streamed of light a living tide,
Seven times brighter than meridian light,
But, glow-worm like, offending not the sight,
Or other sense, as immortality

Lived in a light of no material sky. Six noble steeds now champed the viewless air, As doth a charger on earth smooth and fair; Their arched manes were of the rainbow dves. But purer than those in our misty skies; Their eyeballs shone like stars in seas of glass, But each intensified as all that space, With supplemental properties, were here, Compressed within the compass of each sphere. Their pride-raised tails, and bodies of a hue Which glows in whiteness, nor to whiteness due; From every nostril rushed a fiery horn; From every hoof a diamond flash was borne; The ready head, and stately, powerful limb, Showed each as fit heaven's battlements to climb, They seemed to bid defiance unto space, And love the lightning, and the whirlwind chase; In golden harness shackled two abreast; By golden bands unto a chariot laced-A chariot to which emperors' or kings' Of orient taste compare as tawdry things. Wheels within wheels of ruby stones divine, With steel like rims without a cloud or line; And spiral axles of rich emerald hue, O'er which was placed by mechanism new (Which keenest intellect could not betray, With finest hand and pencil to pourtray) The gorgeous chariot frame of prophecy.

CANTO XXVII.

There countless pillars, clear and colourless, With onyx capitals in chastest dress; And pedestals in kind of onyx pure Placed to proportions on the pearl-faced floor. Upon each capital a figure stood, Between, in faultless lines, was arch conveyed; Each arch of deep ultramarine did seem, O'erlaid with mosaic work of golden gleam; Each figure was the type of those that seers In dreams heroic, by their truth and prayers, Wrested from heaven a sight; and on each arch Beside its sign peculiar the march Of each concomitant event, fulfilled Or unfulfilled from time child-earth rehelled Against Omnipotence, thence onward through The world's various epochs false and true, Till the last circumstance is made entire. When heaven shall pour on earth consuming fire. The pillars to describe a form had place— A form unknown, and in the interspace Unnumbered stars like works revolved. And in the centre, without seat, unrolled A simple scroll, which cast a single light To the remotest circling spherule bright, And mingling with their rays made cloudlike thing, Which seemed as incense unto fancying.

CANTO XXVIII.

In front was placed a shining sapphire throne,
Before which stood the god who sits upon.
Now thunder-tongued he gave his cheer-fraught word,
As conscious none dare question of his Lord;
Within one hand he held two scales of gold,
In which were seen the issues that he told;
Within the other was each stinted rein,
Which caused obedience where methought 'twas vain;

A halo round his presence seemed to wait; Immortal majesty upon him sate. All his appearance scorn'd our paltry fame: But what seemed chiefest in his awful frame Were his dark eyes, which seemed as meet to soar Beyond those toppling suns to heaven's door. Two things mysterious 'mong mysterious things, Though all earth's acts, with all that each act brings, Were placed in their confused array before Those intellectual fires, could order and restore. A momentary sight of fiercest eyne, Of teeth of brass with crystal bits between, Of shortening thighs, and in a cloud of fire The whole shot upward like the lightning spire, Through the blue gateways of the stars they steered, And in the unknown heavens disappeared.

CANTO XXIX.

As if awakened by that mighty voice,
Up from the hill a giant form arose,
His forehead man's most god-mark'd part did mock,
Furrowed his cheek bones as with fiery stroke,
His eyebrows straight half hid his prowling eyes,
His mouth seemed form'd in sin's festivities,
His stolid look as fashioned in disgrace,
His brutish mein in mercenary place;
As fit for missions mankind doth abhor,
For tortuous murder, death, or dark or sure;
A thousand daggers at his girdle hung,
In his right hand a bloody axe he swung,
And muttering dark and deep, he look'd abroad,
As questioning who usurped where he abode.
The spirit viewed him with a kindling look,

The maiden shrunk not, nor a step forsook;
Both knew the tool oppression doth employ,
Both knew the strong red hand of tyranny.
Now all observed, an equal pause is made,
In two 'twas scorn, in one 'twas hate surveyed;
But brief prelude, the spirit hastened near
The form, who vanished where he did appear;
As scared assassin, ere the stroke he deals,
When half the meditated death he feels.

CANTO XXX.

From whence, from where, let only spirits say, Came gentle Graces that our world doth sway; First in a circle round the spirit, then Around the maiden in like form again. Hope first advanced and took her by the hand, And smiled the prospect words cannot command; Next robust Peace, in perfumed garments pure, Gave forecast of the pleasures yet in store; Next gallant Commerce, in her happiest mien, And Industry, in garments ever green, And Music, now ecstatic, now serene, And dimpled Love, of innocence the queen; Then strong-eyed Poesy, in parts a whole, Stronger, or weaker, for susceptible To faint impression or to power extreme, Though mistress of their action and their theme. Next Joy advanced, but stumbled over Grief, When gentle Hope returned to her relief. Grief half retained her offering "Farewell;" But as she passed the broken accents fell. Apart the spirit heard each Grace rehearse The promised opening of her boundless stores,

Then sternly said, "The hour doth come always!" And heavenward he looked to utter praise; And as he spoke the outlines fled away Of Spirit, Maiden, and of Graces gay.

POST-EXORDIUM.

Harr of my sires! behold a wayward sprite,
Arrayed by youthful fancy, wandering free;
Now half approv'd in manhood's nicer light,
Doth seek thy groves to plant her poesy,
With other flowerets delicate, to thee.
The thoughts and works of Scotland's yesterday
Evanish not, as if they ne'er had been:
They are Time's harvest which we bear away,
And re-delivering with increase, I ween,
Will feed her future life, and mould her form unseen.

There's work to do for the poetic mind,
Though the Romance we worshipped be gone;
Chivalric elements of purer kind,
Made more humane, more brotherly in tone,
With power and great dominion once unknown,
Wait hopefully and earnestly to find
Their idyl or their epic take due form—
Then, ready for the battle, truth combin'd,
List for the invocation and alarm:
Harp of my sires! be thou the spirit of the storm.

Awake to newer life! thy mountain land Made musical by thee, bids thee awake! The glowing hill-top and the rugged strand Are tremulous with ecstasy to break
Thy honour'd silence, and once more partake
Of joys long pledg'd to future use and fame.
Thou hast a place in the increasing store
Of hopes and aims which prophet-like proclaim
Emancipation on earth's farthest shore,
And tells the Sun of Truth now shines for evermore.

Not silent thou when Scotland strove to cast

A noble foothold in the world to be;
When the great spectral empires of the East
Blanch'd in the light which shone from Galilee,
Ev'n through the darkness rose thy melody—
Shaping the limbs of an enduring land,
Ere history in order and degree
Thy purpose compass'd with divining wand,
Thou hadst our manhood sketch'd with bold, ambitious hand.

Through devious change, through centuries thy theme Aspiring bid, elate hath empire won;
Occasion found the instrument supreme
To weld the master elements in one,
Or give the bias till the work was done;
And on the threshold of each venture bold
Among the worthy, charter'd to redeem,
In guise prophetic did thy verse unfold,
Till Victory return'd the forecast hope unrolled.

Alike the king and peasant were thy choice, Address'd to knit the nation one and true; In peace and war alike the people's voice, To bless when done, or shape the work to do; With faith and power thy children to imbue. A land of Song, whose joys, and aims, and toil,

Gem'd in thy thoughts, and beautified, outgrew The narrow bounds of Race and Clime and Soil, And taught the earth inspir'd to emulate the while.

Why should'st not thou be foremost in the song Of a glad word redeemed, but halting still? Mere spendthrifts of the truth have we been long Wasting her beauties, which yet flooding fill Life's daily paths, combining peace with skill, Faith with our duties, hope with every work, Love with our power; to every man of will Sending swift opportunity to mark

The time and means to rise where once unsafe or dark.

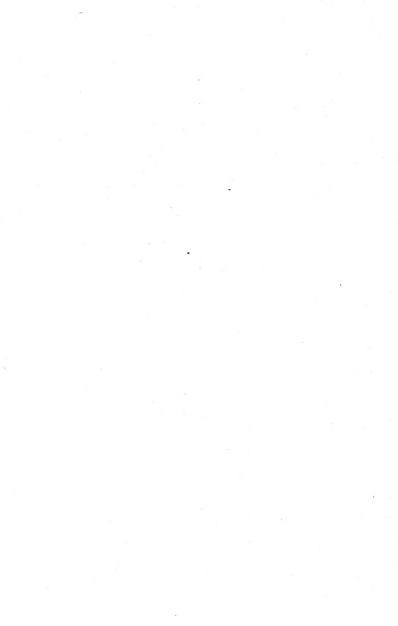
The first great heart of human life lies hid, Like Moses dead, no one but God knows where; Its primal action had been grandly sped Through mighty epochs, dimly shadow'd, ere Its master impulses grew faint and rare; And disunited o'er earth wandering. Burst with inconstant force and wild'ring glare-Beating the darkness back with rapturous ring, Again to sink and pale as nameless, unknown thing.

Thus, till of human life the One Great Heart Recovered the lost presence of our God; Brought back again from earth's remotest part The scatter'd elements, and meekly show'd Man the great temple, truth's own real abode; The type of worshippers whose work was prayer, Rebuilt man's majesty, and re-endowed The individual life with rights to heir A noble heritage perennially fair.

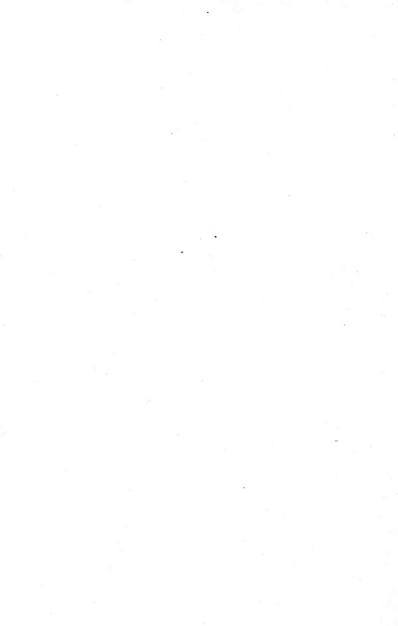
Mere spendthrifts yet! our work is not our prayer!
A simple grand deliverance rudely spoiled,
Narrow'd to apt quotations pick'd threadbare,
Or link'd to customs heathenish and wild,
Or ordinance with sensuousness defiled.
But haply yet Love knocketh at the door,
And to the erring world would be reconciled;
With her quiet entrance all our complex store
Of duties unfulfilled would vanish evermore.

Harp of my Sires, awake! my wayward sprite
Would actuate in others thy sweet song;
Wake, as of old, in thy prophetic might,
The stream of inspiration to prolong,
Which runs from Truth in many issues strong.
The modern heart is valiant, knightly still,
Throbbing with forces—conquerors unsprung.
The talisman to bind with mighty spell
The kindred earth, evoke!—meantime, brave Harp, farewell!

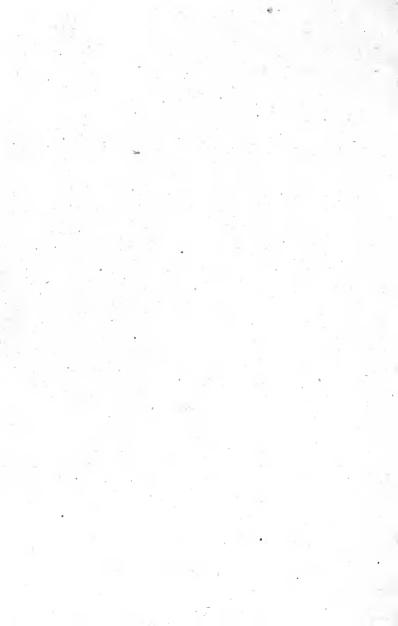












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